# The Canterbury Poets

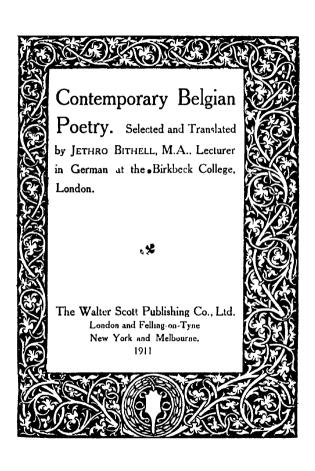
# CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN POETRY

#### BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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#### Co

### Emile Verbaeren.

Tout bouge-et l'on derait les horizons en marche

Now let the dead past fall into the deep, With all its sleepy songs and churching chimes, You are the Bell that gospels mightier times O'er men who scale the I uture's rugged steep,

Not looking back to where the weaklings creep, But, with for battle song your fron times, Marching front forwards to the visioned climes Where hearts are steeled and furious forces sweep

Of Jewish idols and Greek gods they suip, But louder than their voice haid anvils rang, And o'er their gaidens smoke trailed waving hair

But while the old was ruined by the new, You pointed to a City far more fur; And, Master, with grad hearts we follow You,

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#### INTRODUCTION.

'n

OTTO HAUSER refers the Belgian renascence in air and literature to the influence of the pre-Raphaelites. The influence of painting is at all events certain. That of music is not less marked. Baudelaire has been continued by Rodenbach, Giraud, and Cilkin Verlaine's method in Fèles galantes is imitated in

1 Charles van Leiberghe was directly inspired by Rossetti and Burne-Jones - Verhaeien his written much art entitiesm Fontainas, who has translated Keats, and Milton's Sumson Ayonistes and Comus, is a historian of painting (Historie de la Peintire française in xis sich 1801-1900, Moreure de France, 1906). Max Elskamp illustrates his own books with quaint, mediæval woodcuts; see, especially, his Alphabet de Notre Dame la Vierge (Antwerp, 1901). Mockel has written a study of Victor Rousseau (1905). Le Roy is an amateur painter.

<sup>2</sup> Vorhasren heard Wagner's Walkure twenty times running. Mockel is a learned musician; or his two volumes of verse Chantefuble on pen nature and Clortés contain musical notations of rhythms. Gilkin found it difficult to decide whether to be a musician or a poet.

Giraud's Héros et Pierrots (Fischbacher, Paris). The naturalistic style of Zola was independently initiated in Belgium by Cainille Lemonnier, who directly influenced Verhaeren. But the most potent influence is that of Mallarmé, whose symbolism has transformed contemporary poetry. It was a feature of the symbolists to return to the free metres and the simplicity of the folk-song, and there are echoes of popular poetry in the verse of Braun, Elskamp, Gérardy, Kinon, van Lerberghe, and Mockel.

Belgium is a country of mixed nationalities. The two languages spoken are Flemish and French. Flemish is a Low German dialect, the written form of which is identical with Dutch. Practically all educated Flemings speak French, which is the official language; the French Belgians, who raiely know Flemish, are called Walloons. Only those authors who write in French are represented in the present volume, and they may be classed as follows:

Flemings:—Elskamp (French mother), Fontainas' (French admixture), Giraud, Kinon (Walloon ad-

<sup>1</sup> Venhacren, who is a Flewing pur sang, and who was brought up in an exclusively Flemish-speaking district, knows practically no Flemish. Maeterlinck, on the other hand, might have written equally well in Flemish.

mixture), van Lerbeighe, Le Roy, Maeterlinck, Ramaekers, Veihaeren.

Walloons:—Bonmariage (English mother), Braun (German grandfather), Isi-Collin, Jean Dominique, Gérardy (Prussian Walloon), Gilkin (Flemish mother), Gille, Marlow (English grandfather), Mockel (distant German extraction), Rency, Séverin.

The Belgian poets are again divided into two very hostile camps with regard to metrical questions. The Painassians (the term is used for want of a better) cling to the traditional forms of French verse (what Byron called "monotony in wire"), and to the time-honoured diction; whereas the verslibristes use the free forms of verse imported into France from Germany by Jules Laforgue, and perfected by (among others) the American Vielé-Griffin. It must be noted however, that there is a tendency among the verslibristes to return to the classical style: Verhaeren, who wrote in vers libres after his first two volumes. has, in his last book, Les Rythmes souverains, approximated to the regular alexandrine. Van Lerberghe, in a letter written in 1905, condemns the vers libre; but his own work is an immortal monument of its practicability.1 The chief Par-

<sup>1</sup> See Georges Rency, Physionomies litteraires, pp. 120-122.

nassians are Giraud, Gilkin (whose *Promethee*; however, is in vers libres), Gille, and Séverin. Max Elskamp is a verslibriste only in his use of assonance.

Belgian literature begins, for all practical purposes, with Charles de Coster's national epic Uylenspieger. De Coster died young, and was followed by the novelist Camille Lemonnier (1844-). Then comes the flood-tide, not in literature only, for Fernand Khnopff, Georges Minnes, Théo van Rysselberghe (the bosom friend of Verhaeren), and Constantin Meunier are as distinguished in painting and sculpture as, for instance, Georges Eckhoud and Joris-Karl Huysmans are in the novel.

The beginnings of the modern movement, which was directed, in the first instance, against Philistinism, may be traced back to the group of bellicose students who were gathered together at the University of Louvain about 1880. Some of them, among whom were Emile Verhaeren and Ernest van Dyk (the famous Wagner tenor) founded a magazine, La Semaine de Etudiants, which was soon suppressed by the University authorities. Other students who later became famous were Iwan Gilkin and Albert Giraud; and

<sup>1</sup> See Gilkin, Origines estudantines de la Leune Belgique: .

FEdmond Deman, who was to become Verhaeren's publisher and a maker of beautiful books. Another student. Max Waller, who, till his early death in 1880, was the imp of mischief in the literary world of Belgium, founded, in rivalry with La Semaine, the magazine Le Type, which was also suppressed. Eater on Max Wailer founded, in 1882, at Brussels, together with Georges Eekhoud and Gilkin, La leune Belgique, a review to which all the young bloods contributed, making common cause until they divided into verslibristes and Parnassians, after which the review was carried on, under the successive editorship of Waller, Gille, and Gilkin, as the organ of the French party ("l'art pour l'art et le culte de la forme 1"). Other reviews which provided a battling-ground were L'Art Moderne,2 to which Verhaeren contributed, and La Wallonie, which Albert Mockel founded at Liège in 1884. X The exuberant vitality of these students, though it often led them into extremes, laid the foundation of a literature which is in many respects the most remarkable of contemporary Europe. Now that Tolstoy is dead, Maeterlinck and Verhaeren stand

<sup>1</sup> Gilkin, Quinze années de littérature.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Founded by the lawyer Edmond Picard, who discovered "Pâme beige." He advocated a literature which should be specifically Belgian.

at the head of the literature of the whole world; and they are, as Johannes Schlaf has maintained, the perfect types of the "new European." It is absurd to consider them as Frenchmen; they are as much the product of their country as Ibsen is of Norway.

Modern Belgium, "between ardent France and grave Germany," the focus of all the roads of Europe, is as rich in intellectual gifts as it is teeming with material wealth. "The vitality of the Belgians," says Stefan Zweig in his splendid book on Verhaeren, "is magnificent. In no other part of Europe is life lived with such intensity, such gaiety. In no other country as in Flanders is excess in sensuality and pleasure a function of strength. The Flemings must be seen in their sensual life, in the avidity they bring to it, in the conscious joy they feel in it, in the endurance they show. It was in orgies that Jordaens found the models of his pictures: in every kermesse, in every funeral feast you could find them to this very day. Statistics show us that Belgium stands at the head of Europe in its consumption of alcohol. Out of every two houses one is an inn. Every town, every village has its brewery, and the brewers are the richest traders in the country. Nowhere else are festivals so animated, so noisy, so unrestrained. Nowhere else is life so loved, and lived with such superabundance, at such fever-heat." It is a land that has conquered the sea, and Spain, and is still unspent, raging with greedy appetites of body and brain Verhaeren has vaunted it in himself.

"Je suis le fils de cette race
Dont les cervellux plus que les dents
Sont solides et sont ardents
Et sont voiaces.
Je suis le fils de cette race
Tenace,
Qui veut, après avoir voulu,
Encore, encore et encore plus."

The greatest of all French poets, past and present, is Emile Verhaeren. He was born in 1855 at Saint Amand, a village on the Scheldt to the east of Aniwerp. He has described the impressions of his childhood among the polders in his charming book Les Tendresses premuères (1904), the processions of ships sailing, like a dream plumed with wind, down the river under the stars, the dikes, "la verte immensité des plaines et des plaines"; and in the superb symbolism of Les Villages illusoires he has magnified the villagers at their trades. He was educated at the Jesuit school

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Ma race," Les Forces tumultueuses.

Sainte-Barbe in Ghent, with Georges Rodenback for a schoolfellow. Then he studied law at Louvain, made some feint of practising at Brussels, and, in 1883, buist upon his countrymen with his audacious book Les Flamandes, the fruit of close study of Flemish genre-painting and the poetry of Maupassant. An indignant critic called him "the Raphael of filth"; but he rohabilitated himself by "Les Moines" (1886), sonorous poems mirroring life in a Fleinish monastery, painting monks whose asceticism is as savage and voluptuous as the huge joy in life illustrated in Les Flamandes.

These two books glow with health. But the poet had impaired his constitution by riotous living; and the trilogy which now followed, Les Soirs (1887), Les Débâiles (1888), and Les Flambeaux noirs (1890), form one long elegy of disease. These years, his "pathological period," were full of the blackest pessimism and despair. He was much in London at this time, in isolation all the more desperate as he could not speak English. He was fascinated by the atmosphere of the English capital, its immensity, its desolation, its fogs, identifying his own mind with all of its "O mon dine du soir, ce Londres noir qui traîne en toi!" "Je suis l'immensément perdu," he cries out in despair; he yearns for his brain to give way:

When shall I have the atrocious joy of seeing madness, nerve by nerve, attack my mind?" But the very keenness of his self-observation gradually brings him healing; a mastery of the body by the This intense wrestling with disease is full of significance, and one of the lessons which Verhaeren has to teach is that new conditions of existence, the din and dust of great cities, the never-resting activity of modern brains, will create a new man whose nervous system will be able to bear the strain imposed upon it. And when one sees Verhaeren turning from self-torture to lose himself in the energy of the restlessly progressing world, one thinks of John Addington Symonds growing stronger over "Leaves of Grass." recovery and reconciliation with life are symbolized in his poem Saint George, one of the collection Les Apparus dans mes Chemins (1891).

In his first two books he had been a realist and a Parnassian. The volumes which follow are in wers libres, and they are, to a certain extent, symbolistic. Les Villages illusoires (1894) is all symbolism: the ferryman is the stubborn artist with the green reed of hope between his teeth; the fishermen symbolize the selfish society of to-day; the ropemaker weaves the horizons of the future.

Les Campagnes hallucinées (1893) describes the

desolation of the country, deserted to glut the cities: Les Villes tentaculaires (1895) is a cinematograph of the town, while the play Les Aubes (1898) completes the trilogy, and prophesics the dawn of a better day after a cleansing with blood. In these three books contemporary life is visualized, reviled, condoned, explained, and reconciled with beauty. Poet, (except Walt Whitman, whom Verhaeren continues) have turned their eves away from the present to the past, and sung of rural quiet rather than of urban roar. When Henley's poem on the motor-car appeared, there was a cry of decision; but the only thing that was wrong with the poem was that it was not poetry. Verhaeren, however, has smitten poetry out of workshops, anvils, locomotives, girders, braziers, pavements, gin-shops, brothels, the Stock Exchange—out of all that is monstrous and ugly to those who look at material things, as Ruskin did, with the eyes of the past. The accepted ideal of beauty is Grecian, but to Verhaeien the beauty of a thing is not in its outward form, but in the idea that moves it. In Greece the athlete wa beautiful: but strength to-day is in the nerves; to-day we see more beauty in a face moulded by mind than in the thews of a discus-thrower. Smoke is beautiful in the pictures of Whistler and Monet; the toil of

grimy workmen is sublime in the sculpture of Constantin Meunier.1 For Verhaeien, as Stefan Zweig says, "a thing is the more beautiful the more finality, will, power, energy it contains. The whole universe at the present moment is overheated; it is straining in throes of endeavour; our great towns are nothing but centres of multiplied energy; their machines are the expression of forces tamed and organized; their innumerable crowds are joined together in harmonious action. Thus to Verhaeren all things appear full of beauty. He loves our epoch because it does not disperse effort, but condenses it, because it is not scattered, but concentrated for action. All that has will, and an aim in view, man, machine, crowd, town, capital: all that vibrates, works, hammers, travels; all that bears in itself fire, impulse, electricity, and feeling -all this rings in his verse. Everything lives its minute; in this multiple gear there is no dust, no useless ornamentation; but everywhere is creation; the feeling of the future duects all action. The town is a living being."

Verhaeren knows the great cities of Europe. He has felt the spell of Hamburg, as well as of Hildesheim and of little towns in Spain We have seen him during his period of depression isolated

<sup>1</sup> Stefan Zweig, Emile Verhaeren.

in London, and while in England he was fascinated by the reek of soot and tar in Liverpool and Glasgow. In London he would take a ticket to anywhere on "the underground," and roll along for hours; he wandered about the docks, and dreamed among the mummies in the British Museum. And though the town of his poems may be any town, It is no doubt, of the back of his mind. London.

In Les Heures claires (1896) and Les Heures d'après-mult (1905), Verhaeren sings the "douce accalmie" of his wedded life. To translate some of the poems in these collections would be like forcing one's way into a sanctuary. As this:

"Tres doucement, plus doucement encore,
Berce ma tête entre tes bras,
Mon front fiévreux et mes yeux las;
Très doucement, plus doucement encore,
Barse mes levres, et dis-moi
Ces mots plus doux à chaque aurore,
Quand me les dit ta voix
Et que tu t'es donnée, et que je t'aime encore."

In another tillogy Toute la Flandre (Les Tendresses premières, 1904; La Gurlande des Duncs, 1907; Les Ilèros, 1908) he sings his native, province. Of his plays, Le Cloître, in the translation of Osman Edwards, was staged, with honour

and glory to all concerned, by the Gaiety Theatre in Manchester in 1910.

The reputation of Verhaeren's schoolfellow, Georges Rodenbach (1855-98), has waned considerably since his death. He trails such weary Alexandrines as:

"Aux heures du soir morne où l'on voudrait mourir, Où l'on se sent le cœur trop seul, l'ame trop lasse, Quel rafraîchissement de se voir dans la glace."

Verhaeren and Rodenbach were followed on the benches of the Collège Sainte-Barbe at Ghent by Charles van Lerberghe, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Grégoire Le Roy. Van Lerberghe's first work, Les Flaireurs (1889), is in a style which is said to have suggested that of Maeterlinck's first plays. His comedy Pan (1906) is full of devilment. In his lyric verse there is no sediment; all is clear and rippling like a beck dancing down a hill-side in the sunshine of summer dawn. If poetry is music, he is a poet unparalleled. He sings

"Avec des mots
Si frais, si virginaux,
Avec des mots si purs,
Qu'ils tremblent dans l'azui,
Et semblent dits,
Pour la première fois au paradis."

## xxvi Introduction.

What a gem is this poem:-

Elle dort dans l'ombre des branches, l'armi les fleurs du bel été. Une fleur au soleil se penche . . . . N'est ce pas un cygne enchanté?

Pile dort doucement et songe. Son sein respire leutement. Von son sein im laffleur allonge Son long col fièle et vacillant.

Et sans qu'elle s'en effarouche, La longue, pâle fleur a mis, Silencieusement, sa bouche Autour du beau sem endormi.

"Ce que nous enseigne Charles van Lerberghe," says Albert Mockel in his masterly book on his friend, "c'est la puissance de la grâce. Le charme de ses vers est unique; le sentiment dont ils nous pénètrent a une soite de plénitude heureuse qui console le cœui en appelant l'âme vers la clarté. Une onde invisible nous rafraîchit, nous pacifie... Mais la foice des plus grands peut seule se fléchir à une pareille douceur, et il faut la sûreté d'un incomparable artiste pour faire de la parole écrite cette chose lumineuse et impondérable qui semble autour de nous comme une poussière d'or suspendue."

It is scarcely necessary to enter into details here

about Maeterlinck: he needs no introduction to English readers. He has only published one volume of lyrics, Serres Chaudes (1889), which is now printed with the fifteen songs he wrote later. In a music laden with sleep rise the faint, forced likes of a super-sensitive soul, looking through glass darkly at a world whose contradictions seem irreconcilable. Verhaeren has characterized these poems asfollows: "C'était d'une inattendue angoisse, d'une extraordinaire et infinie tristesse, d'une plainte profonde et simple soitie de l'instinct scellé au fond de nous-mêmes. Cela ne s'expliquait pas, mais cela perforait le fond de notre âme et trouvait sa justification dans tout l'inexplicable et dans tout l'inconnu. L'inconscient on plutôt la subconscience y reconnaissait son langage, ou plutôt son balbutiement . . ."

Grégoire Le Roy has been an electrician, and is now Librarian of the Académic Royale des Beaux-Arts at Brussels. He is the poet of retrospection, as Maeterlinck is the poet of introspection. His heart "pleure d'autrefois." He is the hermit bowed down by silver hair, bending at eventide over the embers of the past, visited by weird guests draped with legend. The weft of his verse is torn by translation, is cannot be grasped, it is wafted through shadows.

#### xxviii Introduction.

Max Elskamp is a poet who reminds one that Mariolatry is Minnesong. There is no reason why the devout should not be edified by his poems, but his intention is rather to give a subtle idealization of Flemish life. Those who know Flemish painting will easily read themselves into the enchanting version of Flanders that he gives us, a Flanders how different to that of Verhaeren and yet how equally true!

"Et c'est alors un pays d'ailes Aux hirondelles, Flandres des tours Et de naif et bon séjour ; Et c'est alors un pays d'ailes Et tout d'amour,"

Thomas Braun, Victor Kinon, and Georges Ramaekers are fervent Roman Catholics. Braun's Livre des Bénédictions is a beautifully printed book illustrated by the quaint woodcuts of his brother, who is a Benedictine monk. It is a thoroughly Flenish book, but a volume of verse which he has just published, J'ai plut le genou (published by Deman), is Walloon in feeling. His other volume, Philat-the (Bibliothèque de l'Occident, Paris, 1910) is poetry for stamp-collectors! Braun and Kinon are bucolic poets, somewhat in the manner of the French poet Francis Jammes, who aims at une

Compromising fidelity to nature and the utmost simplicity of diction. But part of Kinon's work is in the style of Max Elskamp, fascinating poetry concerning pilerimages,1 and the devotional life of Flanders. Ramaekers, the editor of Le Catholique, is inspired "par la vision si riante et si forte du Babant jovial, intime, et monastique." Le Chant des Trois Règnes is a forest of mysticism. The "Three Reigns" are those of the Father = the cult of minerals; the Son = of plants; the Holy Ghost = of Love. Some of the poems would delight an architect. His knowledge of paintings appears equally well in his other volume of veise, Ler Saisons mystiques (Librajue moderne, Brussels, 1910).

André Fontainas is a symbolist of the symbolists. Mallarmé himself could not have bettered the following exciting sonnet:

Le givre: vivre libre en l'ine le l'hiver, Rumeur qui se retrait au regard d'une vitre Où, peut-être, frémit épheme e l'elytre De tel vol ou d'un souffle épa — menu-vair. Le ciel gris s'est, fanfare! a soi-même enti'ouvert. N'est-ce pas qu'y ruisselle au front moine une mitre! Non! sénile noblesse ou nul n'elude un titre

1 "La Belgique sait mieux que toute autre jouer dans la paille avec l'entant de Bethleen." (Thomas Braun.)

A se mentir moins vil que ne rampe le ver. L'heure suit l'heure encore, aucune n'est la seule: Pareille à soi, voici venir qui l'enhinceule Pour brusque naître d'elle et pour mourir soudain. Un chardon bleu, pas môme, au snaire, ui cirse Offiant, têve chétif et dédain du jardin, Ne fût-ce qu'une épine à s'en former un thyrse,

But the great mass of his poetry is perfectly intelligible. He is a romanticist, but in a new sense; for whereas the old romanticists turned from the sordid piesent to the motley middle ages and the choral point of Rome, Fontainas haunts the labyrinths of his soul, and projects his conscience beyond the bounds of space and time. In Fontainas, as in Gérardy, knights ride through pathless forests, but these are not the knights of Spenser. The Faery Queen is a record of events in the outer world; Fontainas is a chevalier errant in the inner world of the spirit, and his castles are only settling-places for the dove of thought winging out of the unknown.

Iwan Gilkin and Albert Giraud are Satanists. Gilkin's La Nint, "une vision terrifiante des turpitudes humaines," is the most interesting book in Baudelaire's style since Baudelaire. He began it with the intention of continuing his pilgrimage in two following books through Purgatory and

Paradise; but, as he warns his readers in the preface to La Nuit: This is Hell! Gilkin seems to have had no aptitude for Purgatory and Paradise after Hell; at all events, his following works have nothing to make an Englishman blush. Le Cerisier Fleuri (1899) is a collection of verse in the classical style; but Gilkin has since given his best work to the drama: Promethie (1899), Etudiants russes (1906), Savenarole (1906). Jonas (1900) is a satire predicting the conquest of Europe by Asia.

Albert Giraud is undoubtedly a poet of high rank. His colouring is marvellous. Above all, he is a very personal poet; one can always hear the beating of his heart—"A maint endroit le sentiment mal contenu ciève l'enveloppe de sérénité." He is a pessimist and a Baudelautan. "Il se plaît," says Désiré Horrent, "à temuer le fond vaseux des âmes, à goûter le chaime morbide des voluptés rares et raffinées."

Albert Mockel is one of those very rare cases in which a good critic is at the same time a good poet. As a critic he has probably no rival except

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Grégoire Le Roy, Le Masque, May 1910.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Propos de littérature, 1894; Emile Verhacren, 1895; Stéphane Mallarmé. Un Héros. Mercure de France, 1899; Charles van Lerberghe, Mercure de France, 1904.

Remy de Gourmont. His hall-mark is subtlety; but his learning, too, makes one gasp. (He might, no doubt, have been a professor if he had not been so brilliant). His poetry is philosophy; and the wonderful thing is that it should be such poetry. It is as light as a breeze, and like a deep river that shows its pebbles. He has in preparation a book of verse La Flamme Immortelle, which will be a magnificent realization of his doctrine of Aspiration. Verhacien interprets the outer world, Mockel the inner world as reflected in the outer world for existence is double, form and shadow. Mockel has written, too, a child's story-book, Contes four les enfants diver, which should not be given to children.

Paul Gérardy is a well-known German poet as well as a French one. He belongs to the school of Stefan George.

In Georges Marlow's poetry the prevailing note is refinement. He has written bitle, but what he has written is of the first water. Some of the verse in his collection P. Ime . . Fail is like Brussels large.

Alme, au ht le l'eau treme inte? On les tous des réflétées Parlent d'une ville novce, Pourquoi baigner tes mains dolentes? Mercure de France (1908). Princesse trop fièle surgie D'un recueil de miniatures, Gracile fée aux lèvres pures Du vain prestige des magies,

Ta peine etiange quelle est elle Pour qu'en cette onde puerde Mirant ta candeur intantile Tu songes aux fleurs immortelles

Du jardin vague où les ephabes Numbés d'équivoques lueurs, Sur l'autel d'or de la langueur Immolent l'ange de leurs rêves !

Fernand Séverin, who is lectured in French literature at the University of Ghent, is a poet of great charm. His diction is apparently that of Raeine, but in substance he is essentially modern "Virginal" is the epithet the French critics apply to him, and it describes his chaste, transparent poetry very well. "Tout y est en mances, mystericusement fuyantes et fondues" (Victor Kinon) He dreams:

"les mains plemes de roses Et le cœur enlacé de longs rameaux de lys."

## He is full of languor:

١

"Car mes rêves sont las comme de blanes oiseaux En qui verse l'ennui de l'azur et des eaux Le suprême désir de dornin sur les giuyes,"

# xxxiv Introduction.

Isi-Collin's La Vallée heureuse is full of fine things. In such a poem as Ia Mort d'Ophèlie the influence of pre-Raphaelite paintings may be discerned. There is Wordsworthanism in his verse (especially Le Pâtre), as there is in Séverin's, not a voluntary absorption into the outer world, but a passin, reflection of it in the inner being; no direct message, but a statement of a state

The only poetess in our collection is Jean Dominique. Pesides I Incinone des Mers she has published In Gaule Blanche and L'Arle Mouillée (Mercure de France, 1903 and 1909). Her verse is exquisitely feminine, shimmering like shot silk, intimately personal, and perfect in form "She notes the very shadow that roses east on her soul." She has written poems which are worthy of Sappho, as that which begins

"Dos la chalem muette le cred lisse des plumes Comme un grand épervier aux ailes doconneuses, Mas ce son, l'oiseau d'oi entrave dans les brames, Blotti contre la terre humble et derceuse, Dormita sor le cœur des acrunes ame deuse."

Georges Rency's Pegasts was a delicate steed with indescent blue wings when he took it out into the shadows, and the mooninghts, and the dawns, and recorded its flights on excellent paper.

Since then it seems to have died of maintion, but he himself has produced a robust body of noveland criticism.

As to Sylvain Bonmariage, he is a prodigy. He is twenty-four years of age, and he has written twelve books. Every one of his plays has seen the foothights. "Précoce à épouvanter le diable e, cindide à rayer les saints," is Albert Grande description of him.

Our collection does not exhaust the poetry of Belgium. Perhaps no poem we have selected taso good a chance of immortality as a snatch of song by Lon Montenacken.

> Le vie est vaine Un peu d'amour, Un peu de hain Et puis-bonjear

Carvie est breve Un peu d'espoir, Un peu de rêve Et puis bonson!

J. BHHLLL

April 1911

# Gontemporary Belgian Poetry.

### SYLVAIN BONMARIAGE.

1887--- .

### AUTUMN EVENING IN THE ORCHARD.

In the monotonous orchard alley glints
The languid sun that yet is loth to leave
This unripe, fascinating autumn eve,
And draws a pastel with faint, feminine tints

Spite of the great gold fruits around us strown, Of the last freshly-opened roses, which But now we gathered, spite of all the rich Odour filling the dusk from hay new-mown,

Of all the ripe, warm, naked fruit thou at I covet nothing but the savour, while Thou hest in the grass there with a sinde, Tormenting with thy curious eyes my heart

### YOU WHOM I LOVE IN SILENCE.

You whom I love in silence, as I must, Fain had I been in olden tournament To shiver lances for your eyes' content, Making full many a baron bute the dust.

Or rati er I had been that favoured page
Who trained your hounds and falcons that he might
After , or down the valley, o'er the height
Go galloting in eager vassalage.

I might have heard my lord solicit bliss, And swear to you his vehiment promises; And gone to mass with you at dewy prime;

And in the cool of evenings I, to woo The smile of your loved lips, had sung to you The secret love of lovers of old time.

# THOMAS BRAUN.

1876---.

### THE BENEDICTION OF THE NUPTIAL RING.

"Ut qua com gesta sort fiel, latem integram si o sponso tenens in mutua caritate con it "

At MIGHTY God, bless now the ring of gold Which bride and bridegroom shall together hold! They whom fiesh water gave to You are now United in You by the marriage vow.

The ring is of a heavy, beaten ore, And yet it shall not make the linger sore, But easefully be carried day and night. Because its secret spirit makes it light. Its perfect circle sinks into the skin, Nor hurts it, and the phalanx growing thin Under its pressure moulds itself ere long, Vet keeps its agile grace and still is strong. So love, which in this symbol lies, with no Beginning more nor ending here below, Shall, if You bless it, Lord, like gold resist, And never show decay, nor flaw, nor twist, And be so light, though solid, that the soul, A composite yet indivisible whole, Shall keep its tender impress to the last, And never know the bonds that bind it fast.

### THE BENEDICTION OF WINE.

" Ut vinus cor homis to tiflet"

LORD, You who heard the prayer of Your divine Mother, and gave Your guests that Cana wine, Deign now to bless as well the vintage new, Which cheers the heart of those who pray to you. The breeze blew warm upon the flowering shoot, And the sky coloured all the round, green fruit, Which, guarded from ordium and lice, Thrushes, phylloxera, and from dotinice, Ripened as You, O Lord, would have it be. The tendril curled around the sapling tree.

And soon the shoots bent under sun-blue sheaves With which September loads the crackling leaves. Over the winepress sides the juice has run, And, heavily fermenting, cracked the tun. O Lord, we dedicate to You this wine. Wherein is pent the spirit of the Rhine: We vow to You the vintages of France, Of the Moselle, Black Forest, of Byzance . Cypru Marsala, Malaga, and Tent, Malmse, and Shiraz of the Orient: That of the Gold Isles scented by the sea, Sherry, Tokay, Thetalassomene: Nectar of bishops and of kings, champagne; The blue wine from the hill-sides of Suresnes: The sour, white wine of Huy: Château Margaux, Shipped to Your abbots world-wide from Bordeaux; Oporto's wine that drives the fever out, And gave to English statesmen rest and gout: Lacrynia Christi, Chateauneuf of Popes, Grown, O good Lord, upon Avignon's slopes; Whether in slims or bottles; those you quaff With ceremonial face or lips that laugh: Keep them stul clear when cobwebs round them grow. To make all world-sick hearts leap up and glow.

To make all world-sick hearts leap up and glow, To lighten minds that carking cares oppress, And yet not dimming them with drunkenness; Put into them the vigour which sustains Muscles grown flabby, and along the veins Let them regenerate impoverished blood; And bless the privileged pure wine and good, Whose common, fragile colout, still unspiced, Sudden'y ceasing to be wine, O Christ, Soon as the blest, transmuting word is said, Perpetuates Your blood for sinners shed.

#### THE BENEDICTION OF THE CHEESES.

"Dignare sanctificare have creaturant casci quam ex adificantmatum producere dignatus es"

WHEN from the void, good Lord, this earth You raised,

You made vast pasture lands where cattle grazed,
Where shepherds led their flocks, and shore their
fleeces.

And scraped their hides and cut them into pieces. When they had caten all their nobler flesh. Which with earth's virgin odour still was fresh. O'er Herve's plateaux our cattle pass, and browse The ripe grass which the mist of summer bows. And over which the scents of forests stream. They give us butter, cards, and milk, and cream. God of the fields. Your cheeses bless to-day. For which Your thankful people kneel and pray Let them be fat or light, with omons blent, Shallots, brine, pepper, honey; whether scent Of sheep or fields is in them, in the yard Let them, good Lord, at dawn be beaten hard: And let their edges take on silvery shades Under the most red hards of dairy maids; And, round and greenish, let them go to town Weighing the shepherd's folding mantle down, Whether from Parina or from Jura heights, Kneaded by august hands of Carmelites. Stamped with the mitre of a proud abbess, Flowered with the fragrance of the grass of Bresse. From Brie, hills of the Vosges, or Holland's plain. From Roquefort, Gorgonzola, or from Sp. in Bless them, good Lord! Bless Stilton's royal fare, Red Cheshire, and the tearful, cream Gruvere!

Bless Kantercaas, and bless the Mayence round, Where amseed and other grains are found; Bless Edam, Pottekees, and Gouda then, And those that we salute with "Su," like men

### ISI-COLLIN.

1878-- .

#### TO THE MUSE.

SKII I UL the rune of symbols to unravel, And mute avowals hearkened unawares, Before the light from lips of flowers fares With chosen petals I have strown the gravel.

She I awaited came not to the lawn, And, solitary, I have chased all night The blac's and the bly's breath in flight, And drink it deeply in the brimful dawn.

Upon the sand these flowers that I have strown
My foot has crushed them down with cruel force,
And I am kneeling near the mirroring source,
Where I have sought her mouth and kis d mine own.

But now I know, and sing with fire renewed. Thy merce, and thy beauty, and thy youth. Fternal, and I love thee without ruth, Whom Sappho the divine and Virgil wooed.

I have all odours to perfume thee here, And dyes for mouth and eyes, and I will make Thy looks more luminous, and deep, and clear Than the stainless azure bathing in this lake

Come with thy too red lips and painted eyes!

My senses wait for thee in these bright bowers,
Where they are flowering with the soul of flower
O mother of fables and # lyric lie;

O courtesan! Come where the e willows wave, Lie by the water, I would have thee bare, With nothing round thine ample shoulders save All the sun's gold vibrating in thy hair.

### A DREAM

DREAM of the far hours when We were exiled beyond the pale Of our happiness; draw again Over our love that ancient veil

Offer your lips to the evening breeze
That lings among the branches and passes,
Lay back your head on my knees,
Where the river the willow glasses.
Rest in my hands your head
Tired with the weight of the autumn in its tresses red,
And dream!

(A fabulous sunset bleeds
In the calin water wherein,
Among the reeds,
Our double shadow grows thin,
Bathed in the sunset's red,
And the radiant gold of your head.)

Dream of your virginal spirit's plight, When I beened your robe in our wedding night.

(The noise of a wing that lags
Dies in the waterflags
And the shadows which descend
With the afterglow,
Mysterious and slow,
Stay on the bank and o'er the waters bend
Their faces of silence.)

Dream of our love, of our joy, And in the shadow sing them low; At the rim of your naked lips My voice shall ambush your voice.

(The moonbeams slow and white Linger on the forest tops, Fall and glide on the river they light, And now a veil of radiance drops On our protecting willow. . . . )

Dream, this is the hour of snow.

# IEAN DOMINIQUE

1873- -.

# THOU WHOM THE SUMMER CROSSES, AS A PAWN.

THOU whom the summer crosses, as a fawn, Red in the sun, through forest alleys springs, My soul with the deep shadows round thee drawn, Hast thou not seen the sad, blonde swarm of bees Pass hanging on the eddies of the breeze, Bearing on millions of exiguous wings A little motionless and gilded oue in?...

Hast thou not felt the orphan grace that starts To life with life in any beast, and glows, Tormented with enchantment, in the hearts Of delicate lawns and simple eyes of does?...

My sylvan soul, so full of nests and warm, Remembering thy flown birds with pangs how keen, Shalt thou not ever, in parched summer's breath, Hang like a humming heart and keep the swarm Of gilded bees bearing their golden queen Upon thine orphan heart more sad than death?...

And shalt thou ever of ecstatic nights, And of the royal Summer crossing earth, Know but the printed foot in amorous flights Of the red fawn, and shadow-dappled minth?.

Soul whom the Winter too shall cross ere long, And, after, Passion's Spring as bindweeds strong, More sad than death shalt thou not ever seize This little orphan, golden queen, in state Borne round the world upon the eddying breeze By many a thousand longings that vibrate? . . .

### THE LEGEND OF SAINT URSULA.

Painted by Carpaccio.

Titt slender Ursula has decked her hair, And her pale visage, and her trailing gown With odorous collars and with shining pearls; Her tapering hand the precious burden holds Of a sheaf of delicately broken folds; Her fingile temple bears the seal of God.

There comes to meet her, o'er the port's green wave, A gallant pagan prince clad with gold hair, And grace and love, and loveliness suave. The maiden and the youth have mouths so grave, That in the sleeping air on the lagoon Already seem the harps of death to swoon. . . .

Ursula, sirgin, humble as blonde thatch, Is earnest, and in costly raiment straight, And like a kingdom taketh her the prince... But she already knows love there is none \*

But she already knows another youth, The fairest archer of a lordly race, Awaits her at another ocean's rim To free her sovran soul to fly to God. . . . And yet she cometh, with her exquisite neck Beaten by tresses garlanded with pearls, And the golden youth who loves her with sad cheer Hearkens approaching mgh his trembling heart, Following her silent step, a host of wings!...

# THE SOUL'S PROMISE.

If you can see my soul within my eyes,
I will be softer than a bed of down
For your fatigue to sigh in and to swoon;
I will be kinder to you and more sweet
Than after van adieux returning soon,
And tenderer than a sly bedimmed with doves!

Ah! if you feel my heart rise in my eyes, Like the sick perfune of the autumn rose, If you will enter on my spirit's waste, Upon whose stones no foot but yours shall sound If you will love my visions and my vows, I will be more your kin than all your own!

Upon my soul's wild thyme and moss, and on Its bare stones where the sun is wont to dance, And in its wind with fire and solace laden, In the whole desert of my crimson love, I will immerse you in my honeycombs.

Ah! can you gaze into my blinding soul.

And know my heart has leapt into my eves,

As the sling sends after the singing bird

A stone at the mysterious welkin thrown

If you will scan the desert of mine eyes,
O you will see what suffering immense,
And what vest joy and silence how divine,
When, from my soul's height I shall bear you at,
We shall feel rise in us the wondrous wave
Of scents of roses and the falling right!...

# A SECRET.

I WILL put my two hands on my mouth, to hush The words that, when I see you, to it rush.

I will put my two hands on mine eyes, lest you Should in them find what I were fain you knew.

I will put them on my bosom, to conceal That which might seem the desperate heart's appeal.

And I will put them gently into yours, My two hands sick with grief that long endures. . . .

And they shall come full of their tenderness, Most silently, and even with no caress,

With the whole burden of a secret broken, Of which my mouth, eyes, heart had gladly spoken.

Tired of being empty they to you shall come, Heavy with sadness, sad with being dumb;

So desolate, discouraged, pale and frail, That you may bend, perhaps, and see they ail t. . ?

## MAX ELSKAMP.

1862----

### OF EVENING.

ALL at the heart of a far domain,
With those to whom our hearts do strain,
My Truclove weeps for me, distraught
By my death the week his wrought.
My heart's Beloved grieveth sore,
And plunges her two hands like flowers
Into her eyes whose sorrow showers,
My heart's Beloved grieveth sore

All at the heart of a fir domain, Unto her feet her skates she ties, Feeling that in her heart is ice, Far unto me her tired feet strain: My Truelove hangs to the Chapel pans, That gazes over all the plain, With rings, and salt, and dry bread, my Wretched soul that will not die.

All at the heart of a far domain, My Tiuelove never will weep again. The festivals the seasons bring, With family rings on fingers twain; My Love has seen me promising, Like a saint, to spirits pure. A Sunday that shall aye endure, And all at the heart of a far domain.

### FULL OF GRACE.

And Jesus all resy,
And the earth all blue,
Mary of grace, in your round hands upcurled,
As might two fruits be. Jesus and the world,.
And Jesus all rosy,
And the earth all blue, o

And Jesus, and Mary,
And Joseph the spouse,
For all my hie I place my trust in you,
As they in Brittany and childhood do,
And Joseph the spouse,
And Jesus and Mary.

Then Egypt too,
The flight and Herod,
My old soul and my feet that tremble, seeing
Towards the distant places ambling, fleeing,
And the ass and Herod,
And Egypt too.

Now, Jesus all golden, Like statues of Christ, O Mary, in your hands that hold the sword, Over my town whereon your tears are poured, Jesus more golden In your arms and Christ.

#### FULL OF GRACE.

Now more and more, fain were my lips Your inexhaustible Grace to say, O Mary, at the sailing-day Of bowsprits and of all my ships

Unto the islands of the sea,
Where went my interchandize of old,
By winds on other oceans relled
From isle to island of the sea.

But I have donned the broken shoes
Of those who dwell on land, and sprent
My tongue with ash of discontent
Because my memory seems to lose

The sounding Psalm that sang You Hail, Who decked my prows in gold attire, When in Your hands the sheets were fire, The sun a spreading peacock's tail.

Now be it so, since in me stays Salvation that the sails possess Under the wind the stars caress Of far beyond and other days,

And let it be Your self-same Grace
In this to-day of broken shoon,
The same sky, and the same round moon
As when I sailed, O Rich in Grace.

### COMPORTER OF THE AFFLICTED.

INFITALLI Souls are known to me, In houses of poor bodies pent, And sick to death with discontent, Inclable souls are I nown to me,

Known to me are poor Christmas eyes,
So and out their little lights
As a vivers to glimmering through the nights,
Known to neare poor Christmas eyes

Weeping with execting the sky
Into their hands with misery meek;
And feet that stumble as they seek
In pilgrimage the radiant sky.

And then poor hungers to a I know,
Poor hungers of poor teeth upon
Loaves baked an hundred years agone;
And then I on thusts I also know;

And women weet includy, Who in pact, pitcous bodies dwell, And very handsome mem as well, but who are sick as women be.

# COMPONIER OF THE AFLICTED.

N w Winter give me his hand to hold, I hold his hand, he hand is cold;

An 1 m my head, afar off, blize Old summers in their sick dog-days;

And in slow whiteness there arise Pale shimmering tents deep in my eyes;

And Sicilies are in them, rows Of islands, archipelagos.

. It is a voyage round about, Too swift to drive my fever out,

To all the countries where you die, Sailing the seas as years go by,

And all the while the tempest beats Upon the ships of my white sheets,

That surge with starlight on them shed, And all their swelling sails outspread.

I taste upon my lips the salt Of ocean, like the bitter malt

Drunk in the land's last orgy, when From the taverns reel the men;

And now I see that land I know It is a land of endless snow

Make thou the snow less hard to bear, O Mary of good coverings, there,

And less like hares my fingers run O'er my white sheets that fever spun

### COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED.

I PRAY too much for ills of mine, O Mary, others suffer keen, Witness the little trees of green Lud where Your altar candles shine;

F r all the joys of kermesse days, And all the roads that thither wend. Are full of cripples without end, By night are all the kermesse ways.

And then the senson grows too chill For these consumptive steeds of wood, Although the drunken organ should, Alone, keep its illusions still.

Poorer than I have more endured;
Despuring of their hands and feet,
Poor folks that cough and nothing eat,
People too aged to be cured,

With ulcers wherein winter smarts, O Virgin, meekly, turn by turn, They come to You and candles burn, All in a nook of silvered hearts.

# COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED.

Now is the legend revealed, And my cities also are healed, Consoled till they love each other, Like a child that has wept, by its mother,

In the things mysterious all Of altars processional,

And now all my country is dight With dahlias and lilies white,

Your candles to glorify Mary, ere May passes by.

Lo! endless the pleasure is, May returned, and maladies

Borne to horizons blue, On vessels simple and true,

Far away, on the sea so far Hardly seen, or like dots they are

Now, under trees, the time glides In the street where my life abides;

Mary of meek workers, steep In the May-wood my head in the sleep

And the rest that my good tools have earned; Sound mind in a sound body urned,

In a Mary-month more splendid, Because all my task is ended.

### TO THE EVES.

Now, sky of azure On houses rosy, Lake a child of Flanders preach The simple religion I teach, Lake a sky of azure On houses rosy;

Lo, to the vexed I bring these roses,
When their memory to the islands reaches,
The voices that my gospel preaches,
Like the gladsome text
A child's talk glozes.

You people happy
With very little:
You women and men of my city,
And of all my moments of pity,
Be happy
With very little;

For letters blue
On pages rosy,
This is all the book that I read you,
Unto your pleasaunce to lead you,
In a country blue
Houses rosy.

21

# MAX ELSKAMP.

#### TO THE MOUTH.

For, you my brothers and sisters,
With me in my bank you shall go,
And my cousins, the fishers, shall show
Where the fin of the shoaled fishes glisters,

Whose tides the bow-nets heap,
Till the baskets cry out, days and days,
Darkening the blue ocean's face,
As in a path crowded sheep.

You shall see my nets all swell, SAnd St. Peter helping the fishes Which for the Fridays he wishes, Sole, flounder, mackerel.

And St. John the Evangelist
Lending a hand with the sheets,
At the low obb of autumn heats,
When haddocks come, says the mist.

And our women with tucked-up sleeves, Like banquets on your tables; And miracles, and fables To tell in the holy eves.

### FOR THE EAR.

Then nearer and nearer yet To the sea in a golden fret,

On the dikes where the houses end, The trees to the sea-breeze that bend; With their baptismal names anchored here, In the rivers to which they are dear,

The vessels my harbour loves best, Clustered, a choir, at their rest.

Now in their festivity, ... alute you, Anna-Maru,

Who seem in your white sails to bear Cherubs that flit through the air;

And with joy that I scarcely can speak I see you again, Angelique,

You with no shrouds on your mast, Safe returned from Iceland at last.

But now, like Gabrielle, sing Your new sails smooth as a wing,

And weep no more, Madeleine, For your nets you have lost on the main,

Since all are pardoned even The wind, for lasses given,

So that in kisses and glee These visiting bellows may be

Content with the homage they pay, High the sea to sing the May.

# TO-DAY IS THE DAY OF REST, THE SABBATH.

TO-DAY is the day of rest, the Sabbath, A morning of sunshine, and of bees, And of birds in the garden trees, To-day is the day of rest, the Sabbath;

The children are in their white dresses.

Towns are gleaming through the azure have,
This is Flanders with poplar-shaded ways,
And the sea the yellow dimes caresses.

To-day is the day of all the angels:
Michael with his swillow, twittering,
Gabriel with his wings all glittering,
To-day is the day of all the angels;

Then, people here with happy fices, All the people of my country, who Departed one by one, two by two, To look at life in blue distant places;

To-day is the day of rest, the Sabbath The miller is sleeping in the mill --To-day is the day of rest, the Sabbath, And my song shall now be still.

# MARY, SHED YOUR HAIR.

MARY, shed Your hair, for lo! Here the azure cherubs blow,

And Jesus wakes upon Your breast Where His rosy fingers rest;

And golden angels lay their chins Upon their breathing violins.

Now morning in the meads is green, And, Mary, look at Lafe's demesne:

Tow infinitely sweet it seems, a rom the forests and the streams

To roofs that cluster like an isle; And, Mary, see Your cities smile

Happy as any child at play, While from spires and steeples they

Proclaim the simple Gospel peace With their showering includies

From the gold dawn to the sunset sky, Greeted, Mary of Houses, by

The men of Flanders loving still The brown, centennial earth they till.

And sing now, all you merry men. Who plough the globe, sing once again.

Your Flander, weet to larks that sing With gludson, voices concerting,

And sul afar, ye ships that glass Your flugs in billows green as grass,

For Jesus holds His hands above, Mary, this festival of love

Made by the sky for summer's birt With silk and velvet covering cart

## \* AND MARY RUADS A GOSPILL-PAGE

And Mary reads a Gospel page.
With folded hand in the silent hours.
And Mary reads a Gospel-page.
Where the meadow stars with flowers.

And all the flowers that star the ground In the far emerald of the grass, Tell her how sweet a life they pass With simple words of dulect sound

And now the angels in the cloud,
And the birds too in chains one,
While the beasts grave, with foreheads bowed,
The plants of scenic 1 blossoming;

And Mary reads a Gospel page,
The pealing boars she overhears,
Forgets the time, and all the years,
For Mary reads a Go pel page,

And masons building cities go
Homeward in the evening hears,
And, cocks of gold on belify towers,
Clouds and breezes pass and blow

# AND WHETHER IN GRAV OR IN BLACK COPF

And whether in gray or in black cope, -- spider of the eve, good hope, --

'moke ye roofs, and tables swell the means to mouth, defectable;

And while the kitchen smoke upcurls, ki and kiss, you boys and gals!

Night, the women, where they sit, Can no longer see to knit,

Now, like loving finger, linking, Work is done and sleep is blinking,

As balm on pious spirits drips, All terrial eyes, all praying lips,

And straw to beasts, to markind beds Of solve for their weary heads.

Good-right! and men and women cross Arms on your aids, or he als that toss.

And in your dreams of white or olke, Servants near the couldren you;

A 4 peace pow all your life, you trees, Mills, an 4 roots, and brooks, and leas,

And rest you toilers all, between The woollen soft, the linen clean,

And Christs forgotten in the cold, And Magdalenes within the fold,

And Heaven far as see the eye, At the four corners of the Ty

# ANDRÉ FONTAINAS

1865 - .

### HER VOICE

O voice vibrating like the song of birds,
O frail, sonorous voice wherein apwells
Laughter more bright than ring of wedding bells,
I listen to her voice more than her words

Soul of old rebres, spirit of harpsichoid.

Within her voice your soft inflection (wells),
Blisses of love som, indeed violetel.

Kissanatched by bpoth to switches turn towards.

Her voice is sweetness of charte dictins, the scent Of iris cummamon, and incense blent,

A music drunk, a folded mountains calm:

It is within me made of living sun, Of luminous pride and rhythms verme in; It is the purest, the most dazzling psalm.

#### COPHETUA.

WITH right arm on the open easement rim,
The negro King Cophelia, with sad men,
And eyes that do not see, looks at the green
Autumnal ocean i illing under him

His : less dream goes wandering without goal; He not one who would be passion's slave; Air' no remore, not memory from its grave. May haint the lessure of his empty soul.

He does not hear the melancholy chaunt Of girls who beg before him, hollow, gaunt With fasting, coughing in the mellow sun,

And unawares, he knows not how it came, He feels within his hardened heart a flame, And burns his eyes at the eyes of the youngest one.

### DISIRI'S.

What does she dream, lost in her hair's cascade, The lonely child with flowering hands as wan As g clands pale? Of the plant, of days agone With public of water hile where she theyed

On paths of chance her bands with flowers arrayed,
And where alms welcomed her? -- And never shone
As now her eyes her jewels braided ou
Her gowns of gold and purple and brocade,

But she sees nothing round her—In the room Amber and aromatics melt the gloom, The dusk's hot odom through the window streams;

As heavy as an opal's changing fires. Sigh in the evening mist and die desires, While naked at her class the maiden dre mas

#### ADVENTURE

\* UNDER the diadem of rusting pearls
And sapphires in their grain of gold,
In yellow hair that indulcingly infinis
Over her shoulders slow and cold,
And purple cloak exulting with brocade,

The Princess of the Mar of a Games and Joya

And in the jubilant not c Rivers of lightning flune chrolic l, And the rich purple torch sheds its delight, And twists its justing to sees in the night

The Princess of the Almor's Joys Lafts in a dawn of amethysts Her tender visage that more's ally ache Than gloamings on the 'mar rice of lakes, With lingering smile upon her lips he list, And easts a call into the evening mists

In spite of omens traged, All they who was upon her come To lawns where sistrum, fife, and drog To revely and dancing call O King! like mourning is our merry-making! Out of our arms thou hast thy self exiled, And by our kasses art no more beguived! Our hearts for tree are aching! Thou hast field, the u hast ded, And in the might 1 a use my head, And in the might 1 a use my head, And eall for the with obe, and bosom sone! But still our testivals shall be forsaken. The mourting from our hearts shall not be taken, My finger—evermore
Shall o'er—y golden velvet tresses glide;
My heavy aims shall nevermore thy neck enlace. In pay morate embrace.
Rich with the jewel—of the bracelets of my pride!

Larandota and roundelay, And the mad songs of pride, In sudden waves over the threshold glide, And through the chambers sway

Thou rever shart return from unknown lands, O king! The scriptie is fallen from thy hands, The Earnet that fulled thee in its lap. He tolen from thy proud, young years their sap, Now art thou crossing thresholds far forlorn. Or my teries and adventures luring thee. Where monsters crouch beneath the twisted tree; Chimera and the pittle's unicoin. Shall be the their fire where thou thy way wouldst grope. And thou shalt nevermore have my car. To soothe thee into happy beedlessness. Of life, and perils of minimed hope.

O come b. A, are it be too late! At evening come unto the Joys that witt, Come to the dancing and to thy Princes, Who cradled thee with kisses and with tenderness, And sweet refrains of songs.
Come to thy crown and sceptre, and the throngs. Of them that love thee, and the me many Of thine ancestors shall living livel, to thee. Forgetfulness of mad adventure of the kiss. Of her who thy Princess and Sister is

## LONGIN

How vain are son is? Can they be worth the hymn. To your ecstatic eyes of mine that swim? The noblest song of man no become strest. Weak are sonorous word a hot compact of Are ye, glances of amber and of free. Lips you, and clinging kisses cow to the That in my soul are seen thing? You that due Leap out of longing, lines? And you han Of virgin gold that ighits like no onday suns? And marble whiteness where, like hya, pin Your wild blood, snow and brozer?

Vour slave for ever, at your teet I die I had In sleepful spasms that the senses cloy. And the slow languor of the tasted joy. Mad with your velvety and wiven flish. That holds my soul and body in its me had love you. I am pointed out it your feet. Your hands are with laseryous justime sweet. Your beauty blooms for me! I i my embe e. I feel your life blowing upon my face, And entering into me! Your blinding eye.

Thull me with raptures of that Paradice Whose rabics bleed, whose yellow torries Sleep in the Goth of sensualities. And where the buntless horizons in le Our Dell of luxure—grated round with pride. I love thee, though the kisses of the teeth. i many to but in the a red vulva sheath. Dave the alliag of Langua that enslays With his asswit and cruelty shave Through a time from your native Orient swim Ineffably—are o'er peaceful lakes the slim Swans of your voice white in their wildcing And subtle cents of snow, and on their wing Bear me towards the hope your bright eyes beam. Now let me he upon your breasts and dream Say nothing! Let us leep in our blue bower Under the taked pleasures of the hour, I'y the might's tranquil torr or fulled and kissed Already you for dawn of amethyst Dies the deep bowens, and the moon at rest Upon her off claud cushions both caressed With argent light the forest's alle trance, And starred the stream with eyes that gleam and glance!

And now the dawn is on our pillow-shide Your eyes -1 shiver -they are haggard, wide!

### STA-SCAUL.

DNDER he alto portice of calm sea-caves,

He vy with discard thim is soffucus gold,
In the occult, slow shaking of so wayes,

Among the algain proud blooms antold.

The cups of prace of silent search gladioles . . .

The mystery wherein dies the rhythm of the waves. In gleams of kisses long and calm unrolls, And the red could wherein writhes the aloa cold. Stretches out aims that bleed with calm flowers, and beholds. Its gleams reflected in the rest of waves.

Now here you stand in gardens flowered with alga-cold. In the nocturnal, distantsong of waves, Queen whose calm, pensive looks are glurous gladioles. Raising above the waves their light filled bowls, Among the alga on the coral whose the oc an rolls.

### A PROPITIOUS MEETING

Proprietous dawn smiles on him wandering And fretful in the cyrl fere t deeps; The heavy night's long, latter rumour sleeps The sun's clear seng makes the horizon ring

The scent of sage and thyme is as a strag.
Unto his jaded sense the wind that sweeps.
The blue sea round the promontory steeps.
Freshens with hope his fate's proud blossoning.

The glory of Joy into las soul returns, And his heroic dream leaps up and burns Even as this dawn's far ilong vermillen,

And lo! at the horizon, very calm, Pacing their steeds, and holding out their palm, The Kings he deemed dead marching in the sun

#### THE HOURS

One trong how that weeps, And the young hour ery with sun, Hom the boar creeps, Hous after bons run Along the river banks.

This is an hour of dawn that vapour cloaks. Vonder is thread, so it would seem, Stretches a bridge across the stream. Shadow follows is holow, the mist chokes. The water sleepy as a moat's, A tag smokes. And drags its beavy, guitting chain, And drags its train. Of ghostike bout a Walls of black. Along a hidden track. Tower Is the arches bleat. Where now they disappear.

Lake sudden palms of gold,
Three sunberms glide
To where the waters bide,
Ana all aloos the rays in the cold
I de is again segun,
With all its joo
Of tool and not of
Awalening to the quivering, comson sun.

The hour is rising radical with mirth, Beaming smiles down on the earth,

O festival of light! Here is life that smiles upon its toil, And with high forehead makes the night recoil Towards the sun in heavens bright With strength and with delight

Life quickens on faces
Mad and fervent zet
To live 'is when the hot block ince.
And swells the liverst,
And makes the words tean out tricedy throug!
Life is to be alone and stron.
And master of one's face!
Ve floods of purple pour in ette,
Ripen the moin, and roll man's blood along!

The wise
Have never fixed and do not know what joys
Are in mad battle, carnege and great noise,
When courage with courage vies
The wise
Are they who when the contious executes on to might
Exile themselves from the festival of light
Weeping its tears of proud cold on the river
O'er the lamp-lit book to shiver.
To live
Is better, and to ring one's heal
On the floor of a palace won by crimisoned steel,
Or underneath a charger's hoofs to tread
The grass of roads down trodden by the figurity
Foe who has dyed them red.

But the young hour gay with sun, The tring hour that weeps, Hour after hour creeps Hours after hours run Along the river banks.

Now cooler are noon's beams. O dreams reposed with languor and with ease, The waters creep, O calm creams Upon the moss in shade of elms and alder-trees The peacet I fishers sleep; A long thread swims upon the dying stream. In the foliage never a shiver, The sun darts never a beam, All is dumb. The earth around, the meadows and the river. And the air with sunshine numb. And the forest with its leafy houses. Everywhere all action drowses, And the earth hesitates with indecision. A smoker's vague vision

The only wisdom is to live
The hours of the river, sleeping on its slopes.
Why should we madly follow fugitive
Inclement pride and crumbling hopes
Along the precipices of the heavy night,
That swallows up all ruined light?
No! to live
Is to follow all the river's turnings,
Sailing one's life with dreams and year riggs,
With prow set to the Oriei t of oblivion,
To conquer all the sea and all the isles that smile,
That no discoverer will ever set foot on
Save he who kept desire a virgin, all the while,
O dream!

The young hour gay with sun, The tiring hour that weeps, Hour after hour creeps, Hours after hours run, Along the river banks.

#### AWAKE

Awàke!

It is a joy among hibernal hours
To plunge into the pane the hoar-frost flowers;
Behold: the petals glittering on the pane.
Open their wings that dream would follow fain.

Awake, and revel in the dawn's pure joys, And smile upon the time the sun becalins. In the bright garden, save in dream, no noise But a long imagined shivering, O palms!

Come, and behold my love, as ever of old,
Make the vast silence flower lit by thy glance,
Glad with its peaceful pinions to enfold
Our passion soothed with rich remembrance

#### LIFE IS CALM

LIFE is calm,
Even as this evening of sweet summer, now
The bird is silent on the bough,
That bends above the river,
Whose reeds no longer quiver;
And the pacific night and wise
Sleeps without a shudder under cloudless skies

Life is calm!
It is your face, O sister dear,
At happiness scarce smiling here,
Life is your face, dear sister,
So calm;
As life is and your happiness,
Your face is cloudless, calm, and passionless.

Even the river hushes
Between its banks, among its rushes;
One by a e fall flowers;
Silent, gentle eventide,
Life is calm where waters glide;
By waters where the happiness that lies
Similing, sister, in the tender flashing of your eyes,
Is wondering at the waters, and the evenings, and
the hours.

#### FRONTISPIECE.

THE gens that worses clip, And chrysoberyls puerile, Mingling their gleams, beguile The dole of the black tulip;

The fountain weeps in the old Garden o'er flowers sad, Which by the dawn are clad In amethyst and in gold.

In the boxwood -hadow lingers, In sentimental /c/cs, The chevaluer, and awaits The princess whose pale fingers Are flowers that bring relief Unto her languorous grief.

#### INVITATION.

THE ruby my vow desires

For your beauty smiling kind
Is surely incarnadined
By a limpid mirror's fires.

Ice with the flame interchanges,
And your eyes hard with dignity
Bruise the sobbed longing to be
A bauble your hand arranges

But remember the waters yonder Cradle the vessels that wander To the isle in the bright future hidder

And come while the winter is dark, \*
To sail our adventurous sizk
Madly o'er oceans forbidus.

#### TO THE POLE

THROUGH fogs impassible that freeze the soul,
And under torpor-laden skies of gray,
If none can ever open out a way
To the icy horror of the reachless Pole,

Yet those who died or shall die striving thither, In faith of victory and glory of dream, Have known the rapturous pride of conquest gleam, Brief flower of hope that never grief shall wither.

But thou, long cheated by the immutable thirst 'Of being loved, hast too, too well rehearsed
It e vanity of combats sterile all,

And dost wit bitter, pitiless ifony see Those who go following ghosts that ever flee Sink in the chasin where thyself didst fall.

# PAUL GÉRARDY.

1870----

# SIII

SHI whom my hart in dream already loves
Will und rehildlike curls have great blue eyes;
Her voice will be as sweet as that of doves,
Her skin a funt to elike a dream that dies.

So slender she will be among earth's daughters.
That you would think of lilies under glass.
Of a fountain we ping to the sky its waters.
Or the moon bein quivering on dewy glass.

And, from leaded heart other hips arising, Cuessing what seeds of songs are in me sown, She will be even humming them, disquising and you with the golden gamut of her own

And never a bitter word will a me from her, Her eyes will always call to my caress Chaste as the eyes of my own mother were, Melting with my own mother's tenderness

### IVIL LOVI

I HAVE yearned for the wieled child With her sensual mouths red glow And her restless eyes that show How sateless her soul is and wild

The lustful virging the clild
With her siel if h funting allow
The sweat of novels of love,
By which her soul is defile?

She sins in her leep and in
Her evil smile there learn,
Implicable as her lisms
The lust of perversion in loin

I have dreamt fith virgin in print
The fire of her han his prifine t
My chastity with its lure
And my eyes with tear are stained

#### riii owi

THERE is a haggard flitting the nelt the nelt,

And stupid wings are withing through the wind

And then after a screeching of dual fingh

Like cries of a frail conscience that has a nice

It is the shy owl of long moonless nights,

It is the inconsolable cwl who peers

With their eyes through dierr darkness, and who
blights

The peace of sleet with stark foreboding fears

The inconst lable might hard weeping through
The glain, the spectral bird who fears the day,
What is it is flitting chills the dark, and who
I ills spectral with cries that quiver with dismay.

I ut theu, poor owl, an ivid I steeple seest,
Where the u canst hide from dawning s garish hout.

My heart, who from the less of woman fleest,
Where shalt thou find the peace of some old tower?

### OF SAD IOY

I am angry with you, little girl,
because f your gracious smiles,
And your restful lips, and teeth of pearl,
And the black litter of your great eyes.

I not any note you, but on my knees,
I r when I went away, in happy the,
I r from you, for as goes the breeze,
I could think frothing but of your race.

I was tunid I never lared look back,
And I went singling as mademen do.

For right your eyes, alack!
I ut my one was all about you

## "SOME SONG OR OTHER.

THE song of moonlight all
That trembles as aspens shake,
The thrush sang it at the evenfall
To the listening swan on the blue lake

It is all of love and distress,
And of joy and of love, and then
There are sobs of gold and weariness,
And ever comes joy back again.

Far, far away flew the thrush,
... And the swan went pondering
All the new words, by hily and rush,
With his head underneath his wing

### OF AUTUMN.

WHILE the moon through the heavens glides,
With music enchanting our way,
Come in the gladness to stray
Of the gorgeous autumn-tides.

Now comes the wind, and lifts
The gold of glad forests along;
And many a mystical song
Along the breeze with it drifts

This life is most gracious and dear, Enchanting our way as we go With the laughter and golden glos Of autumns singing clear.

#### ON THE SEA.

Blow, blow thou boisterous tempest, Blow, butter winds and stark; The fisher, he cannot hear you, A-sailing in his dream-bark.

Ite sails to what pale daughters,

'i' what horizons dlim?

Rag', rage ye winds and climb ye waters,

But we are waiting for him.

We are the lovelorn maidens,
Alone in the wearisome dark;
You winds and you waters that love us
Overturn him in his dream-bark,

## IWAN GILKIN,

1858----

#### PSYCHOLOGY.

A SURGEON, I the souls of men dissect,
Bending my feverish brow above their shares.
Perversions, sins, and vices, all their names.
Primitive lusts and appetites unchecked.

Upon my marble men and women spread
Their open bellies, where I find the hidden
Ulcers of passions filthy and forbidden.
And probe the secret wounds of dramas dread?

Then, while my arms with scrofulous blood are dyed, I note in poems clear with scrupulcus art What my kee I eyes in these dark deeps descried

And if I need a subject, I am allo To stretch myself on the dissecting table And drive the scalpel into my own heart

### THI CALIFAI

A DOLOROUS fruit: the vast carital
Its bursten skin and pulp to ripencel dye
Opulently their rich tottenness
With green gold, violet, and ted phosphorus

Oozing a sickly sweet, thick cancero is juice its spongy flesh melts in the mouth, and in its pensive poiso is cerminate the rank, Perverted sins of fever tauted larging

So strange its space so explusite its taste — A macerated ginger in a rule clivir,—
I plunged my teeth in it with greedy haste

But dizzness I ate, and madness drank And that is why I trail a debile frame, With my youth dying in the husk of my strength

#### THE PENITINE

THE penitent of cities dumned am I
In shameful taverns where rank liquers flex,
And in new Sodoms viciously agrow
Where outrage hides its lusts with murler ngh,

I watch in flaring nights with mournful eye,
And shuddering hear what monsters still we grow
And all the crimes of men oppress me so
I call for vengeance to the angered sky.

Wra hful as proplets went in Holy Writ, I waik with haggird cheek in public places, Confessing sins that I do not commit

And the I harrsees cry out with upturned faces: "I thank thee G d that I am not as this Infamous poet by thy judgment is!"

#### "IT IRITIS SICUT DII"

Sick Artist, from the world around thee shrinking To nuise the high ideal of thine Art, Give thou no place to Nature in thy thinking, That feolish, fertile slut obscure and stinking—To the Artificial consecuate thy heart.

In spite of recd pipes and loud songs of marriage, Be thou remote, Reality desert, The blood and flesh of women proud of carriage, The flably flesh of women thou disparage, Deny their beauty which is only dirt.

Are thy tired spirit and the parched mouth sching. For the cooling, carnal draught of their caress? This is a thirst that thou coust best be slaking. Swooning among thy lamp lit bottles, breaking. The odorous seals of drunken dizziness.

Dream drunk with rum, whose tropic heated spices
Ferment into a scented wine that juns
Thy subtle spirit in voluptuous vices
With negro women whose smooth flesh entices
Thy lubric hand to their anointed lains

Drink kirsch, as turbulent as cascades shaded By forests where the maidans batha thair feet. Musked maraschino, sucked by mouths pomadad In the sick air of brothers gold in braided By those who quant it on the yielding seat.

And, hypocrite with ice one cannot sunder
Out of his flame, drink knimicl, whose I right feast
Of boreal snow masked fire cvokes the wonder
Of roses under snow, O roses under
Archangel heavens women of the I ast

And, for its green of bin luce! tangled fancies, Drink absinthe, which shall pen cut to thee Those forests where the farry Vivien dances, And the sage Merlin with her feet entrances In the hoarse brushwood! y the bitter sea

Then to thy reeling brain shall dreams come sailing, Upon the calm bed where thy lody sank, And thou shalt see dissolve lin shadows paling, All earthly things around thee, failing, failing, While brighter surge the visions rank on rank

Behold! Among the wan line vapours, steaming Before the scented, sounding sunnise, lows. A belt of glaciers whose thin peaks of an aming Mirrored upon an azure lake are gleaming in the tropic valley guarded by their snows.

The leaves of mangoes, palms, and fig trees sighing Are wafting coolness our the billowing grass, Where, gurlanded like flowers, are women lying. Bathing their lily limbs, beneath the flying Jewels of furtive humming birds that pass.

And a cascade of dazzling makednesses
Fall from the peaks of glaciers in shoals,
And every following body holds and presses
The one mat went before, helds and caresses;
A living stream of beauty rolls and rolls

Arms, loins, and thighs are linked and intertwining, Lightnings are I laying on a vaporous mesh of luminous hair and supple limbs combining, and from the lofty I cake of glaciers shining.

I or ever falling are new waves of flesh

Drink every drop of this pure wine, and waste. In thine emitrices all these limbs unreal. Lie in thy bed of sn w, and, undebised, I nipy all flesh in thine own flesh, and taste. The monstrous joy of soiling the Ideal.

#### VENGLANCE.

WOMAN with he at stabled by a midden wrong, Whose vengeful fingers, a roud, and the ering long, Have straped thy maked lover in his sleep, it is Down to the bad, where now his wild eyes weep. Their scalding te ais like vitriol, and stare. On broke, furniture and carpets where Weapons, clothes, flowers are in mad medley cast,

In sheets still with his kisses whim, thou hat To soldiers prostituted thee, at dispent. Their vigour with thy body six hement. Surging of spasms quivering under them; But what thought, his time land dradem. Of thorns, hath rent thy firehead, whin the third, His white flesh scarcely sitel, hiving heard. Thy lustful moaning till his hear grew ick, Lookeff, as a bitch looks but n with a stiel. To the black, frantic face of thy letriyer.

And asked with pluntive murmur. Shall I by her?

#### THE SONG OF THE LOKGES

O FRENZIPO forges with your noise and blaring, Red, recking hoes that comb dishevelle a skies, Your hollow rumbling is life stifled swearing, And the grassed earth along you harm and dies

When blind, mad man, inter on gain and plunder,
Thinks he is matters matter in your m w
Lugubriously rolls a hell of thunder,
That says. We forge and inge, without a flaw,

The chains from which the unlast not wit to save thee,
O foolish man' we need link by link
The shackles which for ever shall enslave thee
Sweats pant, and fill the furnace to the bunk,

Throw in the coal, and pour the crackling casting
Through the cut sand, beat, our hith pay to shape,
Temper the sword sheet, deck and ray with masting
4. The tyrant ships that sweep the sea with grape,

Crowd with machines the hamlet and the haven,
To prison thee more deep than dungeons held
In durance making thee a pauper craven
Stupid humanity! w weld and weld

With the vile tail lisease beyond reclaiming, And imbecility, and dis ontent,

Muider and hat that ets the manison flaming,

Plop variet and heavy junishment

We force the fite of every generation,
We crush the father and the child as well,
Spitting at heavens that shake with consternation &
The soot and coal of our relentless hell!

See! to the trinle silve of slies upcurling
Our towering chin neys lielched polluted breath,
Above the write and raviged lands unfurling
Their sall flags of slavery and death!

#### HEKMAI HKODITF

Kosy and naked pure as a flower divine, "

The mystic being effect is tries sleeps,"

Stretched in the grankle are ghor eglantine.

In the flowery clearing in the forest deeps,"

Upon his folded arm le rests his head,
The sleeping lasses of the un repose
Upon his delicate body softly spread,
And shimmer from his shoulders to his toes.

And hear him, with a murmur as of bees, Runs the clear brook through grass and hily flowers, \*\*Under the fig trees' laden boughs, and flees, \*\*Winding along the tangled secret bowers.

the thrilled senses to resolve desires!

Will shame and terror trend lead who love thee

and they who see thee lurn with the using ine

See his thy more than human loveliness
Women and youths their envious glances durt,
They sigh with lowered eyes, and weef, and press
Sometimes their hand upon their maddened heart

"Where is the heavenly reddess—so they cry,
"Whose loveliness can match thy perfect frame?
"And what young god, all sun and spring, can vie
"With all this freshness blent with tender flame?"

O'to drink madly on one morth the kisses Of appropriate and Adons both, and trembling, to discover all Hent blisses in the same frame to no perversions I the

Fruit Triblett Margaret for thee, and lead
Anacreon had never lost a day in
Bathylins, Sappho would not have pursued
in her ascape Erinna, no nor I had

Transies, and all the flowers die where it hovers the lines no more the woman, and hot lames their arms no more around young lover

O list ideal of decaying races,
Mortal revealer of lost beautic, thy
I orsons poured layishly in thine cimbraces
Have mide he ancient cities rot and die.

And n which the concit, while uncloses
Under thy feet to two that pales the day's;
And pacts mad with in the rad with roses,
I till be with chants of glary, love, and praise.

Sweet let , or it to u thy weetest blisses! \( \text{We fr} \) ur cly sun her thy conquering feet, \( \text{While, in a l-wny demlenn ss, thy lisses Gather can let und l-veliest heart's beat.

#### THE DAYS OF YORK

I HAVE inhal I love to ea garland sprent
With morning dew and fragiant with a scent
I hat complices fluttering over it,
As butterflies of all and velvet flit

And savoure lat lies me fruit from the South, Whose luser us july melts slowly in the mouth,

And, cups of supplier effectivescing bright, Spill Blue tyes have made one drunk with spring stellight a And, buty cups brime of with a blood that seeined, Lips have a div mess upon me breathed!

— I all o at the party of memory of And now, thou deep swart night envelop me, In thy wan windin sheet my heart enfold, I o sleep alone, and motionless, and cold

# VALÈRE GILLE

1867---.

#### ART

With use is action? We have thought until The world is but the shadow of our dreams. What if the sap in all the gardens teems, Sunk back upon itself is cur limp will

The mind has ravaged space, and we are all if With what we know, yet knowledge only seems, y Upon life's verge a net of cheating gleams, And my possessions leave me tired and chill

But then alone, O touch of secred Art, With first, primeval beauty warm the heart, And flash thy multiple glimpses of the I leal,

And thou, O Poet, make lost I den shine . Within us, and behind the seeming real s, Show us the essences of things divine

### THERMOP'I I

The senter gorge is only halted by
The bucklers on the beeches. Near their chief
The warriors, with no fear and with no grief,
warriors and now the dawn is nigh.

To morrow Greece shall mourn them they man die.

The priests have read the augures like a learner of the alguments with the footstep of a thief,

Slinks with his traitor where the shadows lie.

So be it. Under arrows showering thick.
By shadows shielded they will fight, beneath a
The overlanging roots, with pike and teeth.

And what the word breaks they will grip the life of they share a few figs for their breakfast, right Culmly Phey with Pluto sup to night

#### A NAVAL BATTLE

Till fleets rush headlong o er the sea, and look.
In a loud, long impact deafening the ear;
The hissing arrows make the heavens blear,
The heavy way sare clashing shock on shock.

Ares is with us, driving like a flock

The I eisi in ship s which, when they staggering real

I he rostrum picrees till, in mad career

They crowd the shore and shatter on the

The dusk chinds, but the most illustrious.

The coward, and thrust from every ver to be the But now the moon breaks through the

Our native land kissed by its tender ray,
The glittering summits and the silvered bay,
And the free set flowered with corpses of

#### ALBERT GIRAUD

186o .

#### THE TRIBUNIS

The people have had masters who e strong faces, the read with imperious will, their masses cowed, to spoke with regal voices ringing loud.

The daw out of their sleep lethings races

The food they cast down from the mulet places the four winds of Heaven vibrated proud bitter love and majesty unbowed, the bitter love and majesty unbowed,

The crowd remember yet their matic names, And etho them with thund it us acclums Of welcome to the coming victory

The legendary marble where they stand Rises on history's threshold, and their hand was billowing days to be

#### COLDOVANS

You leathers red with autumn s, victory s dyes!
In some of the property of the series of the series

Above your cushions stamped with wafers proud Their gashed, tanned faces in the days of old, With an odour of idventure in their capes. Red leathers whom the peace of hangings drapes, ... You are like tragic sunsets, worn were ye By legendary heroe, who enriched The Kings they served, and all the world bewitched, And who apon a copper, kindied sea, You Cordevans dyed deep with war and pride, Embarked is summer cool of eventure! You are the erical with gathered lives; Of new Americas you guard the gleams, You sunk in dazzled and vernation dreams, In you the soul of ancient suns survives!

#### I LORISE.

RICHLY mature, upon the belt of joy Strown with crushed flowers, Florise bends lovingly Her heavy hidded great eyes over the boy Whom she have made man are his puberty.

Fun as a sunset that on no es lingers,
Sweet as the wind is he in like trees.
With gratitude he fondles the deft fingers of
That guided him into love's mysteries.

Heavy with glad Intig cother senses thus
Dream, but breaking off from amorous
Limbrace, as though a coty she would what id,

She feels her heart within her pale, and presses therefore u, on the pillow, for she guesses.

Her too young lover sees her growing old.

#### HLCATL

The me on has a kiss that clings
Like those of cold women whom
Minions with fertile womb
Drive from the led of kings

She weeps her white distress On spires, and his a sheet Of suppliant light at the feet Of crosses pitaless

But breaks her prayer, which is vain, And raises herself aga n In pale and barren piide,

And casts, with the cruel clance Of her hilless eye, far and wide Hysteric radiance

#### IN THE KFIGN OF THE POPGIAS

Is the sit palace where y un live guls show Lake Bunches of gold rapes then her is creet, In a soft room with human, happen deeled.

The conclave s end illumes a golden low.

Near pages who their yellow hur have smoothed And whom the evening's lasses feminize, Sit, red as lava in their gorgeous dyes, The Roman Cardinal, ly mulic soothed They worship flesh and the unnatural, thinned Voices feunuchs quiver our their napes. With a thrill of pleasure like the lust of rapes;

At 11 n ang rl lishevel in the wind,
In the fant a tie n ky night of porches, 3 3
Their manes of re lile willy streaming torches.

#### ALSOKI TION

Woman ny lor it to be r thing clings
To thee whose toen nt yes are pools of night
Liquid in lifterence where is no light
Save the laded of perstanded things

I y alledar, so ultry in leafresh,
When I untie it fullows our thy shape
I the evening schall wour a full landscape,
And lowly out the whitenes of thy flesh

The spills of thy such mulded mouth

Fall with numpuled nown, and with no sound,

As righted fruit fall heavy to the ground,

In the slow sleece of the autumn's droute,

As int. water I be earl in thee

An I am it il I is i by thy breasts.

Which are is which bill we compresses,

And have all thy it ithing like the sess.

If you have I will us had his had verses,

And with grave grace before in ne eyes refrences,
All the Cregorian chant's solemnities

O save me from my muiderous dreams, thou bright Bosom of silence, mouth that sates the sense, . Ura of oblivion, pillow of indocence, a Amibilate me in thy bosom a night!

Mr weakness by thy savorou ingthe nursed, and in thy gaping love absorbing me faste the time when all I am shall be introduced as a corpse dispersed

# THE YOUTH AMONG THE FILLS

"In the voluptions Room of Lilies made As a deaf ear by the unbedthy shade "Of vinous tapestry wherein ferments." The sanset, drunk with Church and censer cents. The dying Dauphin, with his woman' slow Eyes, sees at his feet the crimine snow. Of the bushed carpet, and the circl's slit Sifting a frembling glimmer on to it. Of lying blacs and of tray rose, And the pale youth his heavy lids uncloses. And the pale youth his heavy lids uncloses. When the whose lifted breasts call unto him.

#### RISIGNATION

1 HAVE fought against my clf, I have e ied in pain,
'Writhed breathless in my wounded si int's night,
And with my life in rags, a pitcous soft,
Frome out of the Hell which is my brain.

I know full well to day, my dream was mad; My love of autumn was a crime, no doubt; And like a nail I tear the yearning out That my to sample heart for childhood had.

My cross! Lunc in my side! I bring to you
This verse like Christin is evenings white and calm,
When the sovrum palpitation of the palm
Hover against the heaven sifteezing blue;

This verse whereinto all my grief shall pass,

Verse of a man resigned, misunderstood,

Verse into which my love must shed its blood;

Lon, bleedin, like a sunset on stained glass.

#### VOICES

Vote F of my weeping blood, votes you of my flesh,
My panting, frantic flesh O pensive votes,
Louder than when a unging crowd rejoices,
Hush! lest the dear, dead past should bloom aftesh!

Be sill nt, you line, whice ! Memory closes

On velveth or es, whice softh in so old

That dream thin her ill shound sing in heavoire of gold;
Voice of his vious plant and moss a est.

I c silent! Hush my scriow and my shame! Into my heart silence and winter came Silence is snowing into my heart dark vast. Snow, snow, O silence! Spread your cool above Hell's roses, cover up their fires at last, And in the shadow slain my only love

### VICTOR KINON

1873-

# THE RISULRICIION OF DELAMS.

It is as warm as when the lilics scent
Is with the fragrance of many in its lient,
When you can hear the seed crack in the ground,
When first your face and han is are summer browned,
When every now an I then in newy drips
The rean begins, and the litenity
Slate and rust clouds veluptual i mass
Their bulk o'er the green can in in hiblic grass
Of fields that billow to you purpled woods,
Which, through bronzed chaid, a shelf of sunbeams
floods.

Sweating, I climb the slope where, like a long White ribbon, runs the link and ings his ong A noisy cock pursues a clud ing hen A sparrow files with bits of his And then Such is the silence you can hear from far, Where the red roof tiles of the village are, The heavy, steady humming of the less . . (Can there be blossoms on the willow tree?)

Here is the wood —Pile with surprise you see The ardent silence and the mystery Whose sap swells in the branches which it studs With down eathers and with ticky buds.

Und r the olm tree violecous shade
The firsh anem has have so word the glade;
The release with a their markers flight;
The release with a branch flight;
And the release on the hazer bough is poured
A ray of sunshine latted hike a sword,
A trembling cloud of yellow pollengies.

An I now mysteri us muth my heart surprises, With words and on sof love and tenderness, And an intoxicated low and stress. Because the spring with I gend in dyes, The white of snow and I lue of I aradise. And tender it in if leaves all dewy sprent, With nighting the , and honey such les scent. And chafer I anging heavily from blue I ilacs, wet with ross diamonds too, With the clear cry tal and mad pearls that gush Out of the beak of qual and pairing thrush, All the divine, forgotten spring reminds : My heart of in lear white the fathway winds have I love! My lice s full of the wers and birds? I shall break out meetay of word! I lov !- I ut whom? I care not whom nor how t I love, with all my I lood in frenzy now, And all the aghs that heave my breast, the maid

Who smiling comes beneath her cool sunshade,

#### MIDNIGHT.

The earth is black with trees of velvet under A low sky laden with great clouds of thunder The gaomes of midnight haunt the dark, whose ears, With laxury veiled, he is is a leaf man he ars One is uneasy in one's tilling she ts. And so uneasily the poor heart be its \*This bathed in sweat, at list you leave your bed, And as in dream about the chamber tread. Surely the wind is swooning on the ground, And listening to some holy, mystic little Presiding in the entruls of the curth You listen, earnest, to your he ut's loud shock Beating with pained july mons like a clock Then for the window sill you pull a chair. And watch the clouds were had own the helple's ur Over the gardens whence, in ick perfumes, Extides the sweat of trees and wild red blooms

# HIDING FROM THE WORLD.

And open in the dawy, dustless are
Its dainty chalice with blue petals, where
Its dainty chalice with blue petals, where
The shade of bushes makes a shy activat?
And we will fiame our daily happiness
By joining hearts, hips, brows in rapt orcess
Far from the world, its noises and concent
Shall we not hide our modest love between
Treas waiting cool on flowers and grasses green?

#### THE GUST OF WIND.

I CLOSED my window, lit my lamp, reclined My temple on my hand, and sadly thought: "Now let me read, and dream, and rest my mind But, O my God, by heart is so distraught! Yet, let me read." It was a traveller's book.

O saile g on broad rivers, or whose shore. Are brobabs and mangroves, while the song Of curious birds wafts with the ship along, Together with the tiger's grating roar.

A sudden gust of wind the window shook, Followed afar off by continued whining.

I throw the window open wide, to look Into the right, and see, with white teeth shining. In mocking grin, Death pass upon a steed With yellow teeth, making its wet flanks bleed. With spurs of bone, and in the wind its made with spurs of bone, and in the wind its made with the spurs of bone, and in the wind its made with spurs of bone, and in the wind its made with the spurs of bone, and in the wind its made with the spurs of bone, and in the winding-sheet with the spurs of the winding sheet, and brandishing above him his bright seemed.

Afar, Italian poplars curve their slim
And parallel trunks beneath the wind of him?
Dishevelled willows to the shadow writhe, why
And the earth, looking at the monster, pants.

Now he is swallowed by the raucous squall. Long I stand gazing at the rise and fall

Of foliage broken by a rending soli,
When suddenly the wind, with hollow throb, —
Laigubrious present from the Kaper!—heaves
Into the room a flight of without I leave

#### THE SITTING SUN

The standess snow in the ble
Let by a pure sell star
Nearly meet that the
Of fire separates it tw

A rime frosted, black I new hod, Raising, as wave rell fram, Its lances toothed like a comb, Dams the horizon 11 d

In the tomb of blu and white Nothing still sive a crow, Unfolding solemnly low Its silky wing black a right

# CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE

1861-1907

## ERRANT SYMI YTHY

FROM some unknown horizon, Wasted from fir awiy, Fraternal sympathy slies on The scented breath of the May

# 66 CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE:

Now dreamers in cloudland turrets, And maidens ripe with the time, Up the white steps of their spirits Feel loves invisible climb.

They know not from what glances, In the pensive peace of the hour, There are unknown lips in their fanci Opening with theirs in flower.

So keen and kind the bliss is,
That their foreheads, younger mad
By these intangible kisses,
Guard dreams that never fade,

# THE GARDEN INCLOSED

Fulcite me

DEAR is thy bandage, Love,
To my heavy lids that it closes
It weighs like the sweet burden
Sunshine on frail, white roses

Who has unloosened my tresses, As through the dark places I came.

Girdled with unseen caresses,
I plunge into billows of flame.

# CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE.

My lips, where my soul is crooning
Open in ript desire,
Like a burning blossom sweening
Over a river of hi

Dorm

mum izilil

My hands lie for my breast to soothe,
Of playing and of di talls tired,
My white hands, my hind desired,
asleep on waters smooth

from futile, wiste repining, a this my beauty's throne, at, calm, gentle Queens reclining, the royal hands dream of their own

And while mine eyes the closed, and till is The golden hair my breast that robes, I san the virgin holding blics

I san the infant holding globe

SI / OI HI ZINL !

In indherry time they sing my hips that yield to keen caresses,

And the the rain upon the summer field,

Ly long, warm tresse

Linking of vintaging they sing mine eyes,
Mine eyes livif closed,
Veiled by tired lids and lashes inreposed,
Like autumn skies.

## CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE.

68

I have all gleuns and savours, I am supple
As a landweed in hedgerow bowers,
My breasts are curved a flame are, or a couple
Of secret flowers

1) taul tus ments mihi.

We not how dost plun conto mine eyes thing eyes, I all within min eyes

When thy mou h unties my mouth, My love is nothing save my mouth.

When thy fingers lightly touch my hair, I am not if it be not there

When they touch my breasts at any time like a udden fire to them I climb

I it this which is to thee most dear? Here my oul is, all my life is here

In a p fune of wall roses
She set dream fest,
And the halo is less iful as though a waget there
were glass i

The closm d sin , the rice refrees ; in a Ih ha i anthr hes th ou. I have been one of the control on the control one of the con

A last funt - a treaks on the darkening shorts. .

A voice that any jut row i murmuring. .

A murmuring breath is breathing now more.

# In the silence petals fall

The angel of the morning star came down Into her garden, and he spake to her 'Come with me, I will show thee many a lake, 'Valleys delightful, secret fore t bowers,

Where still, in other dreams then ours,

Of the earth

The tretched her arms, with hinchter Locking between her lashes on The tree flaming in the sun,
And, when he moved, in silence followed after

And while they wandered to the groves of shade, The Angel round her laid Alis arm, and set. Among her bright hair longer than his wings The flowers he gathered demy wet Upon the branches over her

#### THE TEMPLATION

Chitering's n vit 1 in the D ( 16 King)

A SHERICF softened the declining day
A moun, and then a love-sigh died aw
Apples were falling one by one between
The grasses warm and shadows emerald green

The un and down from branch to branch; ashird Singin, among the stirless leaves was heard, A scent of soft and swooning blossoms strayed. Like a slow s a wave, through the deepening page.

In I thear I ter her who comes, with best I we as in dream an I heart to meet her sent, By aths where a ever sound the silence jars,

Voli ptuous evenin, in the heated air, With hand fullie and accomplice care, Si read the in the unet of oblique stars.

#### AKT THOU WAKING?

And thou waking, my perfume sundy My perfume of Gilde I I ces, Art thou ilouting along the breeze, My perfume of sweet honey?

In the h ish of the gloam, when my teet
Ream thr ugh the rich garden classes.
Dost thou tell I am coming, thou so of my blacs, and my warm roses.

Am I not lle in the cloam e Cluster of fruit conce led By the lease and by nothing res Sive in the ne lit its aroma

Does le kn now the hour is dinty.

That I wish lift quing my hair,

Does he lin withat it scents the air

Does its od ur reach to him?

Does he feel I am straining my arms?
And that the lilits of my valleys
Are dewy with passion balin
That for his touching tarries?

# ALL OF WHITE AND OF GOLD.

At the pinions of my angels,
But Low
Hath pinions changing

His sweet wings are turn by turn
\*The colour of purple and roses,
And the crimson or where uncloses
The kiss of thoun

The beautiful win soft my an el Are very slow, And open el cel

But the agile wings of Love
Are imputient,
And like hearts never re t

#### THE KAIN

ATHE rain, my sister dear ATHE summer rain within and close Gently flees, gently flic, Through the moist atmosphere

# 72 CHARITS VAN LIRBERGHE.

Her collar of white pearls
Has come und me in the skies.
Plackbirds sing with all your might,
Dance magnes!
Dance fixers branches downward pressed,
Dance fixers bance every nest,
All that come from the skies is blest

1) my mouth she approaches
I a wet tips of straw bernes wild;
She has touched me with a mouth that smiled,
I verywhere at once,
With her millions of little fingers.

On a lawn
Of sounding if wers,
I rem the dawn to the evening hours,
And from the evening to the dawn,
She rains and rains again,
She rains with might and mun

Then the an with solden hair Dires the buc I get of the run

## AL SUNSLE

Ar sun (t, Swans of jet
Or fairle sombre
Come cut of the flowers, and things are our hadows

They advance: the day retreats. Into the dusk they go,
With a gliding movement slow.
They gather, to each other call,
Seek with noiseless footfall,
And together all
With their wings so light
Make the great night.

But the dawrf in the sea
Awakes and takes
His torch, then he
Climbs gleam by gleam,
Climbs in a dream
Out of the waves arise
His tresses fair,
And blue eyes.

At once, as they were blown
Away, the shadows flee.
Where? Who can see?
Into the earth? Into the sea?
Into a flower? Into a stone?
Into us?
Who knows?
Their wings they close,
And now repose.
It is the more
A BARQUE OF GOLD.
In a barque of the Orient
Maidens three are coming back,
Maidens three from the Orient

Are coming in a barque of gold.

## 74 CHARILS VAN LERBERGHE.

One is black,
Her hands the rudder hold
On her curving lips with their essences of
She bring to us strange stories,
In the silence

One is trown,
She het is the full sail down,
And in her feet are vings
An ancel's mich to us she brings
In her motionless bearing

l ut one is fair,
At the prow she is sleeping,
As from the rising sun her hair
The wave i sweeping,
She brings us back in her eyes so briefly
All the light

## IILIES THAT SIIN

Now in this April morning sweet

With folded shadows and doves cooled.

The dear child with her sty conceit

What is shed doing?

The blonde trace—nere her footsteps go.

Is lost in the grated garlen's alley,
I do not know, I do not brow
The meaning of her cunning sallies.

With a long gown down to her heel,
Pensive and slow, with a silent gesture
Upon the sun at a white wheel
She is spinning a like linen vesture

And with blue eyes of I in lal bliss in Smiling at her dream that glances weaving colden i larges whom the blics of her fancie

#### GREGOIRE LE ROY

1862-

## THE SHINSTER LAST

THE old woman in and her whee

Is prattling of old old things

As though to a fall she sings

and memories over her teal

the hemp is yellow and long,
The old woman gins the thread,
Bending her white, we my head
yer the wheels hing on.

The wheel g cs iou i wi ha v hirl,
The yellow hen i i ui wou
She turns it roun i in l roun i
She is playing like a bil

The yellow hemp is unwound, She sees herself a girl, As blonde as the skeins that whirl, She is dancing round and round

The wheel rell round with a whire,
And the hem; is humming as well,
She hears an eld lover tell
A 1 whisper his love for her

Her tired hands rest above
The wheel, its spinning is done,
An I with the hemp are spun
Her memories of leve

13

## ROUNDEL OF OLD WOMEN.

Lilli old women, my thoughts,
The snow fulls from the vast,
Death and uncertainty pulls
All the things of the past

Why is my heart so chill

Under the eskies vereast,

In these writer that ust and last.

These writers calm and still?

You little of lander who glean
Male a benine of your past,
Of your reeds snapped by the blasty
And of all your barren dreams

All that your sorrow remembers, Burn it like diy brushwood, And sit and warm your blood Over the dying embers

And mumble in cut in I deject in W Of the happy day tyou y with, And empty with fing its of buth. The spindles, of 111 recollection

And when the c tt e is dump
With the weeping of the night,
One of you will light,
Like a shaled, smoky lump,

-Oh! why mus I weep and perish,
And nothin nothin, terget! The bet of m mories yet,
"The memory of Her you cherish

#### HANDS

GLUED like the eyes of a thirf

At my heart's window pane, graing in,

Were two pale hin is, hands of guef,

Hands as of Death, bone and skin

I shivered to see them state,
Weird as the moon in the bla,
Lifting to me their despair,
As the hands of the damned might do

# GRÉGOIRF LE ROY.

78

And He of those desolate hands,
Who was my visiter grim?
Death in my threshold lands,
Since I gized on the hands of Him

It will tabless to they hed, Curt of a truth vere they, for I have longed to be deal, Since I law their ghastly my

For the wine of my loving is cour,
And full of tears and of harm,
And de idens the bread of the hour
That is signed with their fatal chapter.

Hands of jois n' Hands of despair to the tures four insofgloom!

You have shone on my house as a pair of andles a corp se illume!

I have seen Hope close her door,
And my mourning is watching Delly,
While the North wind is blowing of
My cindle dead in His breath.

#### MY ELFS

Poor eyes, you lamps that are failing.

How little remains of your glow?

I neconching night is veiling

The things of the here-below.

Or is your gathering gloaming
Indifference alone?
O eyes that once went roaming
To Beauty and the Unknewn!

You sink your lids lile a curtuin, When I ove goes le, a flame, from know your sorrew is cert un, of And age to you is shame.

And yet, my heart s be f praising,
O flameless lamps, is for you,
Through you my part grain,
First saw, and felt, and linew f

You showed me the m untun ec, with a The sea and the stars all we, And all that my life is deep with My child and death, and I v

#### MY HANDS

moor hands, so wan an l faded, Agile once as a bird, Crhythms of speech you aided, And by my brain y u were stirie!

Old women worn in I wizened thy thoughts run on, but you I histlessness are prisoned Yet I I less you, my hinds, now that strife Is done, and the heart reposes, You taught me the touch of roses, And the cases of life.

All the hind von touched, hand of brothers, And from nell velind de, a title faithful hinds of method.

I the faithful hinds of method.

#### SILL NCLS

THERE is an age, what, e and hour obscure, When man, aweary of adventurous dreams, Turns from the far horiz a slure. His eyes than is the lim of Good Repose. Then simple Thoughts and tuil, like an eager humble serving a rid, With delicate cares discreet. Lull infinite regrets to sleep. And I indicate the heart once more. The fire of memories of the yore, And from the hearth drive hips importunate, that one ly one may steal within the great Silences.

The silence of our m mories
Whereon already fail the snow of years,
love a silence whose at andoned ter?
No tender hand makes? loom,
Silence of hopes long s king, which
Have died like beggars in the litch,
Silence of faith, whose torch has been put out
By life and doubt

These silences our I rothers, in they gli ! . Likewhite monks real, tern. "And Mit down, vithout jeiling it ur sile Then we with Truth s purn Ere they had come we saw but I the world Re Bowers and orchard resturn cureve Buts When they entered in, our i per souls Exalered, together with our th u bt, the night One of Miss secrets each attle n reveal, One of sub's shadows each fil m dispel, And they can tell us whether we n ve walked Along the road where Gold Ind pointed t Our friends, our children, il, who so life seemed bound Roger with our own mo t intricately Waged with Infinity, and I am in I Death We thought that their hal which our hands have clasped. And the long gazing of our cy in theirs And the our voices uttering n thought, And all dur common hopes in I self inc And all our evenings lived I creath one land, And all those hours upon ene d il toid, The self-same clock of destiny -Seeled our converging fittes in evermore! Now middenly we are alone, of ir From life that we can conthe vast expanse That reparates us and divide us Il These pure child's eyes, the e I cautiful fondled han is, These voices intertwined lil e woven flowers. Have towehed perhaps, and recognized each other, But hike to friends, or stranger almo t. who To merrow will resume their segurate way And the that silence from us fu icmoves The life of love for which our enses longed,

I o, in the universe our soul is lost!
The child of our own blood, who, prously,
Some last, it might will come to close our eyes,
How he is one, his fate how otherwise
Than ours, how in temoved and how alone!
He enters like! He is no more our own!

I hus shill they go towards the call,
Isll, lond and despided of a l.
Naked a por we feet the eternal hour!
And, eer our heart as a temple with no god,
And closed our soul to every new delight,
I mpty our hands, in I in our eyes no ight,
We shall male question of ourselves. What the
Unites this lowest, lamental le thing
We are to Immurtahity?

#### MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

1862- -.

#### THE HOTHOUSE

O MOTHOUSE in the forest deeps!
And your doors ( a ever clock!
And all there is beneath your dome!
And under my out it your analog

The thoughts of a princess who is hungry!
The weariness of a sailer in the desert,

A brass band at the windows of incurables!

Go to the warmest corners!
You think of a woman fain ed on a day of harvest,
There are postilling in the unit will all the hespital
Afar goes by a hunter of ell become a nurse.

Look around in the month lit!

(O bothing here is in its plot e!)

You think of a mad wer in both her judies,
A man-of war at full spile is a cural

Brids of night on likes,
A knell at noon,
(Down you let under the bell glasses)
A halting place of sikin near the mocilands,
An sadour of ether is a unny by

My God! my (od! who shill whave the run, And the snow and the win lin the hoth u.e.!

#### OVIZO

PITY my absence in "The threshold of my will!"
My soul is helple so win,
With white inaction all

My soul with olding pale Cer shut things its tired hands Tremble without avuil

And while my heart breathes out Bubbles of libre dreams, My soul is wafted about In a wax moon's watery bleam,

# 84 MAURICE MALTERLINCK.

In a moonlight where glimmer the lorn
I the fithet in rrows,
A in onlight where nothing is born
But it hands in the shadow of sorrows.

#### HOT HOUSE OF WEARINESS

) WEATTALES blue to the breast to Wedding the better sight,
In the we pine, win moonlight,
() my blue beams with languor oppressed.

This weariness blue evermore,

Where through the deep windows

A in this has a treasen,

With me in an l with glass covered der,

The mighty forests undying
Whose nightly forgetfulness,
Like a dream motionless,
On the roses of passion is lying;

Where rises a slow water beam,
Mingling the moon and the sky?
In a glaucous, eternal sigh,
Monotonous as a dream

## DARK OFFLRING

I HING my poor work, which
Is like the dream of the dead,
And the moon on the fauna rich
Of my remorse is shed

With swords my wishes crowned,
Violet snakes that creep
Through my dreams and call ce in my sleep,
Laons in sunshine drowned

Littles in far water creen, Clesed hands that never half of e, that stems of hatred between Sorrows of love without he pe

Play the song, Let 1 Ge 1!
And let my sad prayer ric
While the scattered monion the di
Keeps mght at the rim of the skie

# THE HI WIS FOLLOW

GROEK the live cry tall cill of Of my reverses tire I and all My griefs intangalle Grow gradually still

this of symbols the ngin Lilies of pleasures of old The slow palms of ny longing Bind weeds oft, no see cold

whome in the centre of them,
one rigid lily heaves
elfs frail and pulled stem
Over the dolorous leaves

## MAURICF MALTLRIINCK.

86

And in the gleams that it pours,
I ske a gradual moon towards the bare
I luc crystal heaven—sours
Its myseical white prayer

#### SOUL

My oul
O my soni to sheltere verily
And the cocks I my learnes in a hot house!
Waiting for a temper to on the meadows!

I et us go to the me til ven h patients!
They have stringe exhalitions
In the middle of them. I cross a battlefield with my
mother
They are larging a fall in contact at noon,
While the sentinel are cating their repast

Let us a raiso to the weakest
They have strand per pirations!
Here is a stek bric,
Treason on the Sunday,
And little children in pris n
(And further on, through the vapour,)
Is this a dying woman at a kitch is door!
Or a ister shellin, jeas at the bed's first of an incurable?

And last of all let us no to the most sad
(I ast of all, for they have poison )

O my lips accept the kisses of a wounded one for

All the châtelarnes have died of hurger this summer, in the turrets of my scul!

Here is the daybreak entering the festivid!

I catch a glimpse of sheep that stray on quays,

And there is a sail at the windows of the hospital

There is a long road from my heart unto my oul!

And all the sentinels are dead at the r post!

One day there was a poor little I am just in the suburbs of my soul!

Hemlock was being mewn one San lay norning

And all the virgins of the convent were witching vessels passing on the canal, a lay of his ingland of sunshine,

While the swans were pining and ler a poison us landge, They were pruning trees a nal the prison,

They were bringing medicines one afternoon in June,
And meals of patient were being pread it ill the
horizons?

My soul : And the sadness of it all, my s ul ' and the sadness of it all!



## LASSITUDI

Tinest kisses known forcer where to rest,
For blind and cold the cy's were they circsed,
Henceforth usleep in a lendth reverse they
Watch dreamily, as in the graside may,
The grey horizon her led sheep fill taze
Upon the turf the moon's disheveled trays,

Assed by the 'un, dark as their life is dark; Indifferent, without an envious spark I or pleasure's roses under them unclosing, And this I ng, green, ununderstood reposing.

#### TIKED WILD BUASIS

O IAUCHERI and passion sighs, And solve that the act largest team and with half closed eyes mong di hevelled haves,

My hate's hyen is slouching, My sin's yellow dors, and, large, At the weary, poll desert's marge, Inc hons of love are crouching!

In a listle's are in they he,
And languid and appressed,
Under their coloude sky
I hey watch, and shall without rest,

Temperation's sheep together, Or one by one, depart, And in the moon at tether The passions of my heart

#### LUSTRELLISS HOURS

Hill rice 11.1 nes murching past,
Dream after heam ie ling by,
Dream after dream failing fast;
Hope's days are dooned to die!

To whom must we flee to-day!
No star to show us whereto;
But ice on our hearts grown gray,
And in the moon linen blue

Sob after sob is trapped!

Fireless the sick in the city,
The grass of the lambs is lapped
In snow, Sweet Saviour, pity!

But I, till the sleep is done,
Await, I shall waken soon,
I wait for a little sun
On my hands iced by the moon.

#### THE HOSPITAL.

HOSPITAL! Hospital on the canal! Hospital in July! There is a fire in the room! While ocean liners blow their whistle on the canal!

(O! do not come near the windows!)

Emigrants are crossing a palace!

I see a yacht in the tempest!

I see flocks on all the ships!
(It is better to keep all the windows closed,
One is almost sheltered from the outside.)

It is like a hot-house on snow,
You are going with a woman's churching on a stormy
day,

## 90 MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

You have a glimpse of plants shed o'er a linen sheet, .
There is a conflagration in the sun,
And I cross a forest full of wounded men.

O! now at last the moonlight!

A troop of little girls half open the door!

I catch a glimpse of lambs on an island in the meadows! And of be jutiful plants on a glacier!

And likes in a marble vestibule!

There is a festival in a virgin forest!

And an oriental vegetation in a cave of ice!

Listen! the locks are opened!
And the ocean liners stir the water of the canal!

O! but the sister of charity poking the fire!

All the beautiful green rushes of the banks are on fire!
A vessel full of wounded men rocks in the moonlight!
All the King's daughters are in a bark in the storm!
And the Princesses are going to die in a field of hemlock!

O! do not leave the lattices apar Listen: the ocean lines still are blowing their whistle on the horizon!

Some one is being poisoned in a garden!

People are banqueting in the house of their enemies!

There are stags in a town that is besieved!

And a menageric aimid the lilies!

There is a tropical vegetation in a coal pit!

A. flock of sheep is crossing an iron bridge!

And the lambs of the meadow are coming sadly into the room!

Now the sister of charity hights the lumps, She brings the patient their meal, She has closed the windows in the cand, And all the doors to the moon

#### WINTER DISIKLS

I went for hip who chief Red no kiss shath known, And for lenging left to main In a reaped, rich harvest of grief

The rain must pour and your!

Or the snow is thick on the sward,
While crouching wolves do ward
My threshold of dreams evermore,

And watch in my's all ever sighing,
With eyes in the past migh dead
All the blood in a of old was shed
Of lambson the hard ice dying

Only the meon with it chill, Monotonous which slights, While rutumn the thin grass llights, My longing with hunger ill

## 92 MAURICE MARTERLINCK.

#### ROUNDELAY OF WEARINESS.

I SING the dirges pale
Of kisses lost and cold;
On love's thin grass I behold
Wedding of them that ail.

In my slumber voices sing;
How nonch dant they are!
And in streets without sun or star!
Hes are opening.

These things my heart desired,
These flights that backward fall,
Are the poor in a palace hall,
And in the dawn candles tired.

At the grim night's threshold I launch
Mine eyes far out, and know
That the moon, with its linen slow
And blie, my dictims will stanch.

#### BURNING GLASS

Ancient hours I behold Under regrets ripening, And fairer flora spring From their secrets' azure nome

Desires blow the ligh my spirit O glass upon my desires the And the withered glass my soul fires. When breathing memories stir it. It grows with my thoughts for mould, And in the blue fleeing first I see the guers of the past Their flower petals unfold

My soul through mem ries gropes, Feels the touch of their Curtaining dead in than And greens with other hopes.

#### LOOKS OF LYES

O' CHASE looks of poor, tire leyes! And those that are no more and those that shall be ! And those that never shall arrive and those that notwith estanding do exist! Some seem to be visiting the poor on a Sunday. Some are like sick people with no home, Some are like lamb, in a rigidow covered with bnen And these unusual looks! There are some under whose viult are people watching the execution of a virgin in a closed room, And some that make one think of unknown melancholies! Of persents at the windows of a f ctory, Of a pardener who has turned weaver, Of a stammer afternoon in a museum of waven images, Of the shoughts of a queen who watches a sick man in the garden, Of an edour of camphor in the forest, Of shatting a princess up in a tower, some festal day, Of sailing for a whole week on a warm o nal Rife all those who come out with shot steps like con dalescents at harvest time

# 94 MAURICI MAETERLINCK,

Pity all those who lock his children gone astray at me il tinic! Pity thec, excef the winded min who looks up at the sur\_con, His looks like tents und rith storm! Pity the lool's of the tempted virgin! (O'riv is I nilk it con to flee in the darkness ! And the vin neder familitie of nts !) And the looks of the vir in who succumbs! landoned in swamps without an issue f An I thes eyes wherein vessels in full sail vanish lit by the tempest t And the july of all the clooks which suffer with not being otherwhere! And all the sufferings indistinct and vet diverse! And these that never any one will un leistand? And these poor boks migh mute!

And these poor looks that whisper! And these poor talked holes!

Here in our m lst one thinks one is in a castle which erves as a hispital!

And so many others look like tents, lilies of war, on the convent's narrow lawn!

And so many others look lile wounded men being tended in a hot house!

And a many others look lile a sister of charity on an or an liner where there are sick!

O to have seen all these looks!
To have taken all these looks into oneself!
And to have exhausted none in the ling them!
And henceforth not to be able any more to close my eyes!

## THE SOUL IN THE NIGHT.

My soul in the end is tired, Tired of her sad, sad state, And of being undesired. Sad and tired I await Your hands upon my face.

I await your pure hands, still As angels of ice might be, Till they bring the ring to me On my face your fingers chill, Like a treasure under the sea.

I await their healing deep, Not to die in the sun, To die without hope in the sun! They wash my burning eyes, Where so many poor ones sleep.

Where so many swans on the sea, Are stretching, lost on the main, Their necks morose in vain, Where along the gardens of winter, The sick break roses in rain.

I wait for your pure fingers yet,
! Like angels of ice are they.
I wait till mine eyes they wet,
The withered giass of mine eyes,
Where the tired lambs are astray!

#### SONGS.

ľ

INTO a cave the maid she threw, A sign upon the door she drew; The maid forgot the light, the key all down into the sec.

She waited while the summer went: More than seven years she was pent, Every year a stranger passed.

She waited while the winter went; And while she waited, waited yet, Her hair the light could not forget.

It sought the light, and found it out, It glided through the stones about, And lit the rocks that held her pent

One eve again a passer-by,
He knew not what the radiance means?
And dared not come anigh.

He thinks a pretent is foretold, He thinks it is a well of gold. He thinks the angels are at play, He turns aside, and wends his way. 11

AND if he come back some lay. What shall be said to him One for him waited, say, . Until herey s rew dara

And if a gun he pal a, And did not in wm in re? Like a siteran wein il, .. He might be suff ring soic .

And if he would be told Where you are dwelling now? Dive him my rin cl 11, And bend your sil nt brow

And if he is stick k stick. And see the dust or the floor?-Show him the lamp's burnt wick, Show him the open door

And if his last he ith. And ask how you fell asl (p?— Tell him I smiled in death, For fear lest he sh uld weep .

111

THERE little maidens they have lain, To find out what their hearts cont un

## MAURICE MAETERLINCK

98

The first of them was brimmed with bliss, And everywhere her blood was shed I or full three years three screents hiss.

The second full of kin liness sweet,
And everywhere her blood was shed,
Three land's three years have verses to eat,

The third was full of pain and rue,
And everywhere hardlood was shed,
hree seruphini watch three years through

#### 11

THE mads with the bindaged eyes (Do off the binds of gold)
The males with the bindaged eyes
Are seeking their destinies.

Went in at the noin of day
(Keep on the bands of gold)
In a the gate went they
Of the palace of prairies gray

Lafe soluting then,
(Fix eless the bands of gold)
I afe soluting then,
They never came out again

THE three I lind sisters, W (Let not our hone grow cold) The three blind sisters Have their lamps of gold. Into the tower they climb, (We, you, and they) Into the tower they climb Wait till the seventh day

Ah! said the first on (Still hopes the heast, and nghts) Ah! said the first on I can hear our lents

LAh! said the econ!, bending,
(They, you, and we)
Ah! said the secon!, lending,
It is the King ascendin

Nay, said the author, (Still be our course tout)

Nay, said the suither to Our lights love his one out

۱ı

The seven viigins of Orlan and,
When the fury had pissed away,
The seven viigins of Orlamonde,
Sought the gates of day
There is the wick of their seven interns,
The eopene is flight by flight,
The door of full four hundred chambers,
But have not found the light

## 100 MAURICL MAETERLINCK.

They come unto the sounding caverns,
Go down, with courage cold,
And in the lock of a closed portal
I ind a key of gold

The ugit the chinks dicy see the ocean,
They up the id of death
Date not ope, knock at the portal,
With bated by ath

#### 117

SHI had three diadems of gold, lo whom did she give them?

Does one unto her parents bring. And they have I ought three reeds of gold, And kept it till the Spring.

ş,

(a) s one unto her lovers all An I they have bought three nets of silver, And kept at till the I all

One she to her children brings: And they have brought three iron rings, And chuned it up the Winter long.

#### 1117

Towards it prince she came—
The sun vas secreely rising—
Lowards the prince he came,
The knights all cazed, surmising,
Silent was every dame.

She stopped before the gate—

"The sun was scarcely rising—

she stopped before the gate,

They heard the Outen descending,

And the King questioning her

Where are you wending, where are you wending?—
One scarce can's c, take care—
Where are you wending where are you wending?
Does some one with in you there?
But she made answer not

She came down toward the Stranger,—
Take care, one scarce can tee—
She came down towards the Stranger
The Stranger kissed the Queen,
No word did either say,
But went straightway.

The King at the gate we weeping Take care, one scarce can see
The King at the gate wes weeping,
They heard the Que in dequating
They heard the leaves lower weeping

15

O' the strain the burden!
You have lighted the lamps,
The sun through the histores slints,
Open the gates of the garden

## 102 MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

The keys of the doors are lost, We must wait, we must wait always, The keys are fallen from the tower, We must wait, we must wait always, We must wait for other days.

Other lays shall open the doors,
The forest keeps the last Around us burn the holts.
It is the light of the dard leaves,
Which burn on the doors thresholds.

The other days are also shy,
The other days are also shy,
The other days will never come,
The other days shall also die,
We too shall die here by and bye.

I man sought for thirty years, my sisters, Where hides he ever?

I have sought for thirty years, my sisters, And four I him never

I have walked for thirty years, my sister,
Fired are my feet and hot
He was e crywhere, my sisters,
I visting a !

The hour is of in the end, my sixers,
Take off my shoon
The evening is dying all o, my sisters,
My sick soul will swoon

Your years are sixteen, my sisters, The far plains are llue, Take you my staff, my sisters, Seek also you

# GEORGES MARLOW 1872 -

#### WOMEN IN RESIGNATION

With hope slim clinging, the old Women have re tell their cold Souls without feeling in lifted,

In the hush You are hearing in
This night, food I it! And they see
To the produgals windering
In the wildernesses of sin

They are saying, these vinc in pain, They must suffer long until The heavenly dawn shall fill Their songs with languages again

That since You have wept above
The sins of the mad human ra
They mus wash with teas the r face
And pray to You long in love.

## GEORGES MARLOW.

101

On Your poor hands pierced by the nail, With hope's long clinging, the old Women have rested their cold Souls without feeling and frail.

#### SOULS OF THE EVENING.

VIIII E the spindle merely sings, Old women sing your complaint, The gas-lamps are misty and faint, And the night to the water chings.

Now Jesus walks where greens
The dark, cobbled alley, and rests
His poor, pierced hands on the breasts
Of dreaming Magdalenes;

And of every orphan child,
And of houses holy with prayer,
Mary Mother has care...
Sing, Jesus meek and mild

Stands in your doorways' gloom,
And hears your hymn beseech . . .
Let the honey of this speech
Your desolate hearts pertune! -

The Shepherd of straying sheep Shall lead you home to the fold. As But your soul, old women, must weep, Remembering its wounds of old. Love, and the heart's long burn,
The wounds of hope ever sick,
And childhood's dreams falling quick,
Shed and dead turn by turn.

Lord, on old women have pity, Whose soul, fair fragile toy, Touched by the kiss of the city, Dreams of the sun of joy!

#### ALBERT MOCKEL.

1866.--

#### THE GIRL.

SLENDER, and so virginal, but why not somewhat languid?—her casque of golden hear is starred sometimes with mellow sparks, and mellow is her mauve silk dress soft in its folds.

She is all music, in the music of her movements bathed, they also soft with pensive grace, and very slow with suppleness that undulatingly unrolls.

An evening party. She has danced, she dances still. Men dark and fair have come and led her off, under the chandeliers in this insipid music, insipid, and amusing her. Much has she danced (O all this light?) and feels a little weary, weary. Yes, several waltzes; of her partners one could talk, or nearly could;—but he is cugly, and his fish eyes unddle-class. The other, on her programme next, is far more handsome, surely his keen

eyes have metallic glints, his hair is glossy black; he is Italian, is he not, or else from Hungary?

Ah here he comes

Two heads incline, she tale in arm they waltz.

This waltz, it rolls with a voluptuous rhythm, in harmony with il rhythm of the Girl, like convoluted masse, musically vaporous and very heavy, volutas without end and curve or curve They dance, their curves I we traces of care ses in the air, their undulations are are t lascivious music She? she is very tired, she has no ength is on her cavaller she leans! her thought is vague, so vague along the twining curves, vague on volutes without end, and with the contours of their curves These curves we turning round laseiviously: she thinks no more, she turns, she turns, she undulates in air and in the music's lisses, tickled by something drunken, by this air which brushes her, this ball:-she shivers

Now nothing more, her eyes see nothing; things that turn, vague things volutes vague without an end, and curves that drag her on in velvet hythms. But all the things around her turn to vaguely, the vaguely cycles turn barbure and all of a turning, turning; and if

she look igain he will be sure to fall!

The waltz continues and lasciviously rolls, rolls in the dizzine s of tuning things, and eyeles, and all this softness, curves that languish fit to swoon! Feverisidy and t flee the crizy dizzine s of all these vague and circuminal in this is so the ratio she keeps her look on him. He altriges his deep lown into the great vague eyes before him intil he ear in shuddering. This man, his eyes ar shim to in all beautiful, they shime with gleams from istic and from the her fluid comes pervert deharm, burning and diminating, almost animal, and with a glaucous lint that troubles her

This well nigh bestral look upon a somewhat pensive. handsome face . And it is she, she in spite of all her dizzness, she takes away her eyes from him who seeks to conquer her. But all is turning, all these things, these vigue things turning, turning O too much I she shuts her eyes to see them not, she could not open them again, the rhythms bear her onward crossing one another, brushing some liseivices curve again, the vagueness. O such viguenes of the crazy cycles and lascivious curves that rayish her Delicate titillation like a feather's sudden touch electrifies her, half funting and surrendering she fle its like Potsum on his um, this arm, that like a very soft and a owe-ful billow bears and cradles her; sweetly, arreastibly caresses her, bearing her onward, circling her with a voluntuous embrace. and . . . no, no his eyes through her closed lids she feels them, and then glueous flame that pierces, conquers her This glucous look, this virile and determined look, it weight upon her, haunting the soft eddyings of the walty, - and is not this a breath that brushes her, the stiffed wirn thicf a desiring breath, man's breath on her neck

But the waltz bears her on in whirling, vague, voluptuousness.

## THE SONG OF KUNNING WATER

"THE light that my embanking mer low laves Over me like a pure tillew clide Naked in its limpid on transparent ave, It is the magnifying image wherein I Am the diaphanous shadow of the sly

## 108 ALBERT MOCKEL.

Beautiful is the forest, whose O'er-learing leaves temper my languid heat, Stripped 1 v the wind of gold hurstrews, And myria leaves are from each other singled, Dancing to fall upon their glancing selves, And playfully to emulate the frivolous deceit Of a bird's pinion with my waters mingled.

Breezes, trills of songbirds warbling with a breast that wells,
All that lives and makes the forest ring retells
The melody I murmur to my tall reed-grasses,
Aery music that its spirit glasses.

O forest! O sweet forest, thou invitest me to rest
And linger in thy shade with moss and shavegrass
dressed,
Imprisoning me in swoon of soft caresses
That o'er me droop thy dense and leafy tresses.

But on I glide, I go, and, hetful,
Pass under thee, gliding away my life forgetful.
The evanescert ul, the soul where thou went glassed,
Fades, and scaves my sealed eyes nothing of the pasting

Far away from me are gone
All the glimpses that upon me shone
To other forests and to other lights,
Shaking my hair from fall to fall, from spate to spate,
I glide with hands untied, and empty eyed,
With endless hours that fetter and control my fate.

Wandering shadow of a reverse banked and pent, Sister of all those whom my waves entrap, Intangible as a soul, and, like a soul, Unfit to seize, I roll Garlands of scattered memories, whose scent Dies in a bitter sap.

And neither who I am nor whence I am I know . . . Under my fleeting images lives but one being. That winds with all my windings whither they are fleeing . . . O thou whose tired feet I have bathed, and heavy brow, And the caress of avid hands, — O passer-by, my brother listening to me now !— Hast thou not seen, from the waste mountains' threshold to my far sea-sands,

Born and reborn in me, strong as the whipped flood-tides of love's emotion,

The broad, unbroken current rolling me to the ocean?

Hast thou not seen, force without end, immortal rhythm and rhyme,

Desire impelling me beyond the bounds of Time?"

#### IIII. GOBLET

FVIRY hand that touches me I great With kine welcoming, careses sweet.

Thus in my cry tals naked beauty I—
With nothing save a little gold a on my lips a dive-Give 1 yelf wholly to the mouth unknown

That ks the burning of my own.

Queen of joy,—queen and slave,— Mistress that taken passes on agan, Mocking the love she throws to still Desire, I have blown madness at my pleasure's will To the four winds that rave

Say you that I am vain?
List!
I am feeble, scarcely I exit.
Vet listen: for I can be everything.

This mouth, that never any kiss could close, Capriciously in subtle tires it blows, The jewelled garlands of a shadowy blossoming.

Tuhp of gold or ruby, dense
Corolla of dark purple opulence,
Stem of a libral diamon 1
I lowered upon a limpid pond
That nothing save the beak of wood doves troubles,
I am sparkling, I am sing,—and I laugh to see,
Ascending in this colourless soul of me,
As might a dream, a thousand indescent bubbles.

For the lover drunken on my lips that burn, Whether he pour in turn The wines of gold and flame or love, wave to my rım. Drinks from my soul for ever strange to him A queenly splendour or the ridiance of the skie, Or fury scorching where the harmful ruby has In the bitter counsel of my je dous top izes

And, tears or joy, delin im, daring drunkenness, From all this passion that to his is married Nothing of me will rush unto his ari l Lips, save the simple in 1 the limped light Whose gleam is wedded to my empty chalice

What matter? I have even De ne his cloudland palace. And on my courtes in s I me breast Love lets the Lope of L. haphanous flight Languish, and softly icst . . And I laugh, the frague, frivolous sister of I ve! For me in nights of in thic's drunken hands upherve Higher than all forched is to the constellated skies, And then I am the udl n stre of lies, That into troubled joys dails deep its radiant gleam-

The sweet, periations happiness of Dicain

### THE CHANDELIER

TEWELS, ribbons, naked necks, And the living bouquet that the corange decks; Women, undulating the soft melody
Of gestures languishing, surrendering . . .
And the vain, scattered patter of swift words . . .

Silken vestures flooting, faces bright, Furtive converse, gliding glances, futile kiss Of eyes that flitting round alight like lards, And flee, and come again coquettishly; Laughter, and lying away. To the stress that spin the fiverous swarm around.

Lo, here the burning beauty of a rose Has fallen . . . And feeble in its wasted grace it lies, Exhaing its bruised loveliness, the while, Like Love among the smiles, It dies.

Eddying skirts, gay giddiness... the festival is closed, While somewhat of uncasiness still palpitates, No void subsists of vanished voices; And nothing on the stained boards has remained Except a stem, a chalice,—once a rose.

But the forgotten chandelier, whose grandiose soul Unto the eyes of beauty dedicates
Its glorious sheaf of fires without a goal,
In halls deserted charms the solitude
That nascent morning sheds his pare breeze o'ers.

And the dawn weaves afar to threads of light.

Know you that in the Oriers, simple, earnest, bright, She whose burning soul immortal shows
Arises

# . . . O light !

Down yonder, in the deeper solutude,
She who is born, and dies, and is renewed.
Life passionately rises under the sky!
The fleeing wave has minored in its them
The young smile of the golden mean.
That comes across the plum where wheat and iye
Grow green, and with the blonde dawn intertwine.
Behold: consumed under the ridy shine
In which its glory's and flume exhausts itself,
The chandelier is paling at the breath of Death,
And burns its throes out in the face of the San

V.

## THE ANGEL

SOME one here has gone to steep.

While yet the sun is at the He iven's rim, Under the shadows of domed flex crests, Innocent, tired, upon the happy grass he rests, And the shadow, scarcely moving over him, Prolongs around his sleep the hom of night

Who is this child thus dawning on our sight? Is it to any one among you known Whence comes this adolescent, white Traveller, who has halted with us in the night?

Comes he from seas afar,
Where islands are?
Or from unkempt
Forests, or from sterile plains,
Whose vastness never any man has die ant?

# ALBERT MOCKEL.

Naked and white is he. The stones that clot The road, his feet and knees have wounded not; There is upon his brow something we dread . . . Whence comes he, with his beauty dight, He who has builted with us in the night?

His hair is spiead Like a wave of light; His closed hand holds a flower nuknown; And all his white of an enclainted thing Is like a cloud scape doubly shown In waters mirroring

O brothers, take Care that his sleep ye do not break!

II4

But what a snow is this that trembling gleams Frail on his flank, and buries him in our sight? And these strange beams. That like a white and scintillant raiment drape His limbs in folds of light?

O brothers! I have seen . . . It is a wing . . . Look ye: this is, immortal shape, An angel slumbering.

In the light morn, where the holm its shadow flings, The wanderer adown Heaven's azure steep. Has closed his mystic wings.

An angel here has gone to sleep!

Never a movement quivers
To trouble the transparent, limpid air:
Not a leaf shivers . . .
It is an angel sleeping there.

What sifence! O what calm without an end! Whence did the stranger unto us descend? Did he, a weak, frail enemy advance Before the One who strikes, and wills us prone? Or were there monsters to be overthrown, Some day of courage blind, packed with his lance, And then his wing grazed Death? But no, for with a sinde his mouth unclose... And in the silence he reposes.

O let us whisper! Let the shadow's dome Lengthen the hour of sleep with its fresh gloam Perchance his soul loved space, but tender And human still, grew werry of the bare And arid splendour of unvailted air, And all this sun-swept ether limitless....

Sad was his heart one day, feebler his soul, His brow too heavy; and, without a gold, Wandering through deathless tachance loathing it, He closed his eyes above The dizzy vast of love, And, keeping at his flank his shained wings, Down floating, on the earth alit

But when, awakening, to his feet he springs, Angered, his resistless wings will soar and ily, Resounding through the Azure they devour; And, virgin, with a supernatural, clear cry, He in the dawn will fade, in the infinite hour, Like the keen dream that darts through cosmos deeps When a flaming meteor leaps, And lights the worlds between.

#### THE MAN WITH THE LYRE.

No man knows whence, from very lar, Came a man who bore a lyre, And his eyes were is bright as a madman's are; And he sang a song of fire To the short strings of his lyre, The love of women, and vain, languishing desire, Upon his lyre.

His lyre was fiail, and flowered with roses pale; And so sweet rose the voice of his breath, That as far as a man's eye wandereth, From the mountain to the vale, From the valley to the forest, from the forest to the plain, Ran the young men, and the lasses sprang To hear the dulcet strain of pain he sang.

"He's a proud mm," said all the men.
"Lake a soul speaking is this voice of his,
So sad and tender, fit to make you swoon,
His voice is like a woman's kiss!" —
"Ho!" they said—said all the lasses then—
"He is a lover, with his lyre!
Sweetly he speaks, so sweetly with his lyre,
We fain would weep, and would to dying soon..."

But now the singer's voice has changed, he sings' Upon the long chords or his lyre. The deeds of men, and dukes, and kings, Warring afar from Ophir to Cathay,

And over all the earth in great array,
And weapons shocked by which the soul is rocked,—
And golden oriflammes spread to the breeze's breath
To celebrate the joy of life in death.

"O1" the men, "Alas! ' the lasses said,
"We understand no longer what you say.
Your voice that soared, like any wing
Freed but now from the great paradise,
Has gone,—perhaps more proudly hovering,—
We know not in what country now it flies."
"O1" the men, "Alas!" the lasses said
And children, string by string,
Cried under dazzled skies.

Now for his grave man's voice the singer tries. The greatest chord of all the lyre.

And to the gravest chord of all he saith.

Hope that for very youth soars in a breath,

And stretching like a wakened beast desire.

And lo! already, by the willows of the river,

Beautiful Joy who passes binding crowns turns her aside.

And suddenly tempestuous grief rings far and wide, Its strength awakening from the mystery of the chords Dream-voices that deliver . . . . And lo! our fists are clenched and leaping towards Death's iron gates, and bruised recoiling thence

<sup>&</sup>quot;Holla!" the men said; and the lisses laughed "Holla!" the men said, "surely he is don!". He sings, he comes we know not whence; What would he have from us? We have no pence

(And the lasses laughed.)
"Follow," the lasses said, "the werwolf we have started"
And men and maids stoned him with pebbles of the way, And, twining arms and waists, so glad and gay, Singing and laughing, all departed,
Laughing and singing, laughing all the way.

But no v the solitude is moulding A long v isic folding and unfolding

Is it ar unseen angel's touch? As in the grey Silence might a phantom shape s,
That comes, unrolls its raiment, and escapes,
A voice flees, when the breeze has touched and passed,
And glides within the singing chords...
As a light wind sings at a vessel's mast.
The sweet breath mounting from the river towards.
The singer, binds a chant on the lyre's chords.

It is a wing winkling the wave, and in it glassed; It is the vague word moving Nature through and through, And which the human hip shall never speak.

And now it bears a soul into the blue;
And of a sudden all the inclody
Rings out with such a grave accord towards
The skies, that in the radiant deeps of space the chords,
Magnified, no man can father—how,
Have brushed God's viewless brow!

## SONG OF TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

Two women on the hill-side stood, Where the long road winds through the wood,

At dusk of day. One of them laughs, a-laughing glad and gay, One of them sings, mocking all grisly care; The other means, and sighs in her despair, The other sobs, crying her heait away

"ITO!" (says the one) "sweet glides the breeze, My drunken heart upon it flees."

The other moans, "The wind blows chill, My heart is O' so sad and ill."

One told her story to the grass green hill

"Years and years gone my hasband went from me, (Upon the breeze my laughter bounds and blows!) He went to sail upon the doleful sea, And God knows he has slun his thousand foes. But let the drunken breeze be blowing strong, He will come back with April's sun ere long, And we shall laugh at troubles o'er and done, Counting the golden booty he has won."

So glad and gay, she laugh, and sings her song

And the other moans in sorrow broken-hearted, The words are broken in her voice that grieves,

"The wind grouns, my soul with sorrow heaves; My lord, my lover he is far departed! His flesh with mine was one; His sour and mine were blent And yet one day from me he went,

And on my lips held out in vain, Lake a drop hung on the rim Of passion's cup filled full for him, Is trembling still a kiss I gave not back again.

Far, far away, upon the bloody plain,
(O' in the wind the wailing wild of pain!)
Perceance he fell and now he dies.—or some
Woman has with her love his heart o'crcome,
Sor a woman's eyes have gobbed my happiness...
Win pain and love my heart is all forlorn;
I hear my sorrow and the wind's distress
Blent in the baleful bluster of the coin.
I know! Another woman's kisses sever
His heart from mine! But what is this disgrace,
To me, the flesh of his flesh now and ever?
Let him come back! I languish for his face.
Let him come back to where his truclove lies,
And every dry my texts for him shall race
Down on my pale hands from my withered eyes.'

"Ho!" says the one, (a singing glad and gay),
"Thy tears are at the wind's will borne away.
See, in the valley greens the gracious spring;
The warbling bird is gladdening the leaves!
O let the breeze blow far thy voice that grieves,
For the breeze is come, with perfumes on his wing,
And the meadow block mader the April rain.
Laughter! I known no now free a and pain."

"Ah!" say the off i, "woe an iackaday!"

"O+" says the one and laughing wends her way?

Two women on the hill-side stood.

And now, from the far fields and near the wood, Two wounded men come trailing up the way. No standard waves its joy before their face, No sturdy mule is bearing their array. Alone, and slowly, up the path they pace, And, drop by drop, blood marks their every trace.

And of a sudden crying from the brant, The blended voices of two women pant; -And the wind may mean, and laugh the breeze, For grief and joy mingle their ecstasies

"It is my husband! God, scarce hveth he (My laugh is stifled dying in the breeze!)
Alas! it is my husband, fainting, bruised,
Drop by drop his blood has oozed. . .
Curst be the hour my husband went from me!
Curst, curst be God who hears and sees!"

Two cries of women, fary and caress, Cry without hope and cry of happiness

"It is my lord, alive, my lover dear (My tears are dried, and on the breeze they flee!) O it is he indeed! My lord is here, Bruised, wounded, pitful, with panting breath, But loyal to my heart that quivereth.

Blest be the day gives my true love to me!

And the wind may moan, and sing the breeze For joy and grief have blent their ec tasies

For mirrored in the evasive wave a; pears A double brow; an angel sleeps beside

## ALBERT MOCKEL.

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The waking angel; from the plaint that died Thanksgiving sours, and, mingling smiles with tears. Days with black jewels gem a diadem For glittering Night whence Death comes unto them.

#### THE ETERNAL BRIDE.

I trank dreamt thee kind, and dreamt thy careful eyes,
Sist hunknown, eternal bride of mine.
Wife of my thought, I have bent my mouth to thine,
And slowly thou hast spoken, —in this wise:

"I flash, I glitter, I fade

Enjoy my love ere it flees, But seek not where I have strayed, My trace is like sand on the breeze.

My kiss falls on thy face
But I am unseen, a shade
That passes . . . my kisses fade
Like a wing that flits through space.

Lasten, and think! I am she Who opens thine eyes in dream. I am the wonderful beam Of a mystery orweiled to thee

I am hot as the sin at heaven—steep,
And more than smole I am light;
And I glide through the odours of night
To visit thee in thy sleep."

### THE BRIDE OF BRIDES

- O THOU who hauntest my nights, Spectre of Time, immense.
- Voiceless, eternal shadow, Monster for whose feet we hark.
- And peer for thy marrowless bones in vain through the darkness dense,
  - I know thou art near me . I tremble, and wait for thee in the dark.
- O shame! Am I stricken with terror? Absolve with the calm of thy scorn

My soul that is dizzily whirling under thy piercing eves!

Yet once my forehead fancied, in its tender and radiant morn,

That folded into thy bosom every sorrow dies.

I have hated thee in my terror, O Priestess of Time, O Death.

Thy fathomless anger swells and rolls a mournful sea, And the flesh in the shock of thy billows writhes, and with stifled breath

Cries through the din of thy laughter, crying unto

But' come! . . O Bride of embraces twined like an octopus!

I give to thy greedy heart a valuant and quiet heart,— Since it is true that Love soars out of Death as does A lily out of a coil of encircling serpents dart.

## GEORGES RAMAEKERS.

1875---.

### THE THISTLE.

ROOTED on herbless peaks, where its erect And prickly leaves, austerely cold and dumb, Ho of the slow, scaly scrpeit in respect. The Jothic thistle, while the insects' hum Sounds far off, rears above the rock it scorns. Its rigid virtue for the Heavens to see. The towering boulders guard it. And the bee Makes honey from the blossoms on its thorns.

### MUSHROOMS.

WHITHER with hues of corpses or of blood,—Phallus obscene or volva as of glue—In the rank rotting of the underwood,
And those that out of dead beasts' bodies grew,
Fed by the effervescence
Of poisonous putrescence,
Flourish the saprophytes in mould and must.

Plants without roots and with no leaves of green,—Souls without faith or hope—they thrust—vires—Protuberances rank with lust,
Inert, venene.

And if there is not death in all of them, \ It is 'because some sect among them breeds

From less putrescent wood fallen from the stem Of the Living Tree whose severed bough still feeds

In the autumnal thicket, thirmed Along its mournful arches by the wind, No longer to dead twigs but sapwood quick, Corrupting trunks that time left whole. The recking parasites in millions stick, Like to the carnal ill that guaws the soul Of those who at the feet of women fawn.

And Hell has blessed their countless spawn.

And though they cannot reach the surging tops
Of the unshaken columns of the Church,
In spreading crops
The parasites with poison smirch
And mottle with strange stains the fruits
The Monstrance ripens in the groves of Rome.

Trusting that ancient orchard's sainted roots. Whoever of the leprous apples eats
Shall feel his faith grow dukened with a gloam
That filters heresy's corroding sweets

More hideous than saprophytes,
And therefore for the sacrilege more fit,
Upon the Corn and Vinestock sit
Minute and miserable parasites:
And o'er the Eucharist their tiny belies,
To eat and crimson it, have crept.
Their occult plague has for three hundred years
Eaten the very hope of mystic ears,
Wherever the Christian Harvester ha slept.
And while, in the land of heavy, yellow beers,

In the brewing-vat of barren exegeses. Some new-found yeast for ever effervesces, The saints whose blood turns sick and rots, Waiting till a second Nero shall For their cremation light a golden carnival, Behold their bodies decked with livid spots.

# GEORGES RENCY.

1875-- .

### WHAT USE IS SPEECH?

WHAT use is speech, what use is it to say Words that without an echo die away, And only leave vain sadness after? All a forest of shadow rings with laughter, If thou but move thy hand to grasp at life!

My love, the path on which we laugh with life Pales in a doubt befogged with roads that leads not thorough:

The night is triumphing with stars, towards to-morrow!

In the night, thou sayest, shadowy terrors fall.

Be undeceived, there is no night.

There is only multiform, enormous light,

And the stars are there, for thee to be grunk withal!

### THU SOURCE.

Our feet kiss where the source is glistening In the glad gloaming softening the trees.

Its waters murmur mysteries to the breeze, And we in ravishment are listening. The leaves are paling in the twilight chill. A mystic something in the air is swimming; Our eyes with happy tears are over-brimming; And now the source grows timid, and is still. The shadow makes the world so fair and faul; Wouldst thou not, like a banner on the gale, Be fain to shake thy heart out tenderly?—But no, say nothing: silence is a veil For fervent thoughts that utterance only mars. Let us sit hand in hand, and converse be Without a word under the peace of stars.

### THE PLISH

O CARNAL love, life's laughter! Under these Free Eden skies and on these blossomed leas, Thy kiss is on these budding hips of ours. The high grass is all gold, the drunken flowers Voluptuously languish, every one, Feverish as the earth is with the sun.

My heart leaps like a beast of light, and rears And madly o'er the royal road careers, Where my desires' processional altars are Your flesh is quivering and to mine replies, Dearest, and glassed within your great pale eyes Is Heaven immensely blue and deep and far.

Kiss me! The hour is sweet, and pine our kiss. The deathless boon of living sings in us.

# 128 FERNAND SÉVERIN.

Let us with ravishment delirious Possess each other, and in infinite bliss Be born again, knowing life's mysteries!

I of fine and the with you hot cares, O him in coldenated, exquisite? I am drunken with your dazzling loveliness, O quantum or indicated with your Your budding field is markellously pure!

# FERNAND SÉVERIN.

1867---.

#### THE CHAPLET.

Frum a ar em vel av ne inglorius"-Virgil.

My forest, winter's captive, I have seen Softly awakening under warmer breezes: . In bluer air my forest shimmering green Wafts down the wind the scent that in its trees is.

An olden happiness, and yet unknown:

Trembles my simple heart, these things beholding!
With pearls of dew the burgeone I boughs are strown,
Trembling, this movemed hour, my woods unfolding.

O Muses! If so passion ite a love
Survive these leaves in songs of mine that please ye,
Seek not to soften to the wrinkles of
My brow the oak's or laurel's bough uneasy.

The leaves were quivering open, frail as flowers to ! let the light bough of this foliage, shining With the cold tears of Night's impresoned hours, For ever be nine idle how a catwining to

Be manlier brows by prouder fillet, swathed!

But I would live renownless, lonely hearted,
And to those virgin haunts return unscathed

Whence my child's soul both never yet departed.

### THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

O God given heart.

I FEEL my heart for ever dying, bruised By all the love it never will have used, Dying in silence, and with ingels by, As simply as in cradles infants die, Infants that have no specch

Guarded by vigilant seraphim thou art!
Nothing shall soil thy natal nament! Thou,
Rest thee content with no kiss on thy brow,
Save of maternal summer eves, and die
In thy desire and thy virginity
Thy sacrifice hath made thee shy and proud;
Thy life with very emptiness is bowed.
Made to be loved, loved thou shall never be,
Though many maids would stretch their arms to thee,
As to the Prince who through their fancies rides.
Alas! and thou hast never known these brides,
To thee they come not when calm evening falls,
The pensive maids to whom thy longing calls;
And thou art dying of thy love unused,
Poor sterile heart, my heart for ever busied!

#### SOVRAN STATE

In rights impure moans one with fever stricken: 'United that a maiden bring me, for I sicken, Water and quotes, and quench my thirst with them.

Spring water! I ruits of a vingin vine! And let Her in the and vingin hands lie on the fret Of King's brow burnt by its diadem."

O pitiful crown upon a head so lowly!

Does the unquict might allegiance show thee?

Thou King of beautiful lands that never were.

"O stars among the trees! O waters pale! Comes the expected dawn in opal veil? Pity the tired and lonely sufferer:

And grant me, Lord, after the night out-drawn, The sleep and boon of Thy forgiving dawn; And let Thy chosen heart no longer bleeds?

But answer makes the Lord in stern denial:
"Leave thou, for nobler verse, to pain and trial.
Thy heart, the open book the angels read."

### THE KISS OF SOULS.

You who have died to me, you think you live!
Living, your squameered gems and libes shed!
But since the dream you were is fugitive,
Love, calm and sad, whispers that you are dead.

She that you were survives in dreams. I press
Her virgin hands, I hear the yows she swears.
Hath not this evening that old loveliness?
I seem to breathe the blossom, that she wears

Hear's had been beating long before they spoke, But eyes had speech, and tender voices ringing, Docile to love like perfect lyres, awoke The forest's wondering echo with their singing.

A lovelier and a lonelier evening came;
The sun behind the breathless forest set.
Who was it hushed our voices? For in shame
We bent our eyes down that by chance had met.

The freasure of our hearts this one deep look
Delivered up! Our secrets were in this
One look exchanged that our two spirits took,
And wedded in their first and only kiss

### HER SWEET VOICE.

HER sweet voice was a music in mine ear; And in the perfume of the atmosphere Which, in that eve, her shadowy presence shed, "Sister of mystery," trembling I said, "Too like an angel to be what you seem, Go not away too soon, beloved dream!"

Then, smiling as a mother will, she esized My brow, and with soft hands my fever eased.

"Still, thou poor child, this childish fear of me? Thy forehead furrowed by sad memory,

Are these a shadow's hands that on it rest?

A bright May morn is dawning in thy breast:
Is it a phanton's voice that soothes thy grief?
But if my beauty be beyond belief,
Breathe its tere trial odour! Part my hair,
And take my veil away and make me bare!
Thou canst not soil my wings, nor stain the snow
Of these frail flowers that in my garden blow;
Cone in so fair an evening, spend the treasure
Of ref veiled lovelines in thy heart's pleasure."

Thus sang the tender voice that needs must fade! And in her kiss the soil was of a maid. But night came from the ilm of autumn skies, Came from the forest's shallow, evil eyes.

### THE REFUGE.

This is more hour. Night falls upon my life. I must forego my part in men's keen strife, With conquired step resigned I reach the door, Beloved too late, where none awaits me more. An autumn shudder through the clear, cold sky Runs, interrupting the monotonous cry Shed by a horn astray and desolate, Making me, large idly, smile at my fate. . . .

But all is said. Noight moves me, in the gloan, Save the uneasy hope of this dear home. She lives; my heart, and not mine eye, foresees. The sweetness of the moon, spread on the trees, Yeils more and more this happy nook with peace And mystery that birds forchoding cease;

A counsel of forgetfulness is cast
Around me, something pensive, good, and vast
And every step I take the more it thrills
My soul which yet that ancient quarrel fills.
But what shall summer storms betoken, when
She breathes the autumn culm she longed for then,
And only trembles feeling memories stir
Of hearts that loved her well and wounded her.

#### NATURL

SLOW falls the eve; the hoar is grave, profound The sweet, sad cuckoo makes the air resound With his two notes with springtide languor filled, And the tall pines, by eddying breezes thrilled, Tremble, as ocean echoes in a shell Else all is hushed.

I walk with he at unwell Slowly the shadow on my path descends I loiter o'er familiar forest bends, Whose calm grows deeper with the darkening west, O such a calm I tecl my own unrest Melt in the peace of landscapes unfore een; And in the east eye clothe, with azure sheen The slender uplands with their billowing chain, Whose silhouettes shut in the distant plain, And on their tops their clock of forests glexus Through the thin yell of mist that over them streams. And all is vague, the ideal form of things Shimmers divine in deep imaginings, Gladdening the eye with grace melfil le; Seeing them, in the enchanted world we dwell Of soulless, happy beings who possess

# FERNAND SÉVERIN.

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The calm we cry for of forgetfulness, We who desire in desolate hearts that pine, This sovercip gift of peace that makes divine; And most at eve, when quiet nights of spring Enchant the sky, the forest, and the ling.

The forest's darkness sways me at its will; And with a holy and unfathomed thrill I feet a dizzy longing grow in me:

O not think! nor wish! O not to be! . . .

#### THE HUMBLE HOPE.

TIME goes, poor soul, and sterile are thy vows.

After our outwatched nights and feverish brows,

What do we know, save that we nothing know?

Even as a child a butterfly will chase, Far have I strayed in many a flowering place, And here I tremble in the afterglow.

Yet not despairing in my feebleness, But hoping that the Master still will bless The will to do good that my efforts show.

### ELEONORA D'ESTE.

Does thy heart, Tu so, burn for thy Princess? Strive to refine the obscure tenderness, Of which she can accept the flower alone. Save it make nobler, I no love can own. Gertes, among the gifts that late bestows, And the least lovely, as a poet knows,

Some are an offered prey that passions take. But there are others which, if seized, do break; And of these supreme gifts love is the best. If thou indeed dost love me, 'ware thee lest Thy heart forget the reverence it owes, Then may it love, and in love find repose.

# THE THINKER.

O THINKER! Thou whose heart hath not withstood, For the first time, Spring's beauty in the wood, And who thyself wilt increfore not forgive,

Thy days have passed in pendering o'er the great Enigma man proposes to his fate, And books from life have made thee fugitive

What boots? Leave to the gods their secret yet, And, while thou livest, taste without regret. The sweetness of this simple word. To live.

### A SAGE

He knows dreams never kept their promise yet. Henceforth without desire, without regret, He consiste page of soher tenderness. In which some poet, skilled in life's discress, Breathed into olden, goleen vers his sighs. Sometimes he lifts his head, and fords his eyes, With all the wonderment that wise men know, On fields, and crouds that over forests go, And with their calminess sated is his thought.

# FERNAND SÉVERIN.

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He knows how dearly fair renown is bought: He too, in earlier days of stinging strength, Sought that vain victory to find at length Sadness at his desire's precipitous brink. Of what avail, he thought, to act and think, When human joy holds all in one rapt look? The mind at peace reads Nature like a book. He sintles, remembering his youth's unrest, An though none know it, he is wholly blest.

#### THEY WHO ARL WORN WITH LOVE.

WHEN, worn with unregenerate delights,
The kisses of fair youths grow dull and sicken,
They seek, fatigued with hope and outwatched nights,
A bed of love that shall the senses quicken.

White bed or love with pillows rich with lace, Caressing curtains sheltering dreamless blisses, And, to grow better from the bought embrace, Upon their wasted brows long trembling kisses.

Calmer than autumn heaven the eyes they crave,
In which the bitterness of theirs shall vanish,
Lips of a speech impossionate, shall vanish,
Which their sick sorrows shall assuage and banish.

Love should be night, and has hed forgetfulness, Never with follies of the past upbraided, Hope still renewed consoling the distress Of dreams come true and in talkiment faded. Nor light, nor noise; but in the happy room,
With tapestry the walls to sleep beguiling,
To kiss the long hands of the mistress whom
A plain gown clothes, and who is faintly smiling!

Once they have seen her, and to hear her speak

They hoped for her and Heaven, and knelt before

But love's old burden make, their soul so weak That save with sight they never dare implore her

#### THE CLN FAUR

OFT on my rural youth I dwell in fancy Ye gods who for our deepest feelings cire, If fields and forests evermore entrance me, It is because you set my buthplace there.

With what a love up-welling sweet and tender Upon the august face of earth mine eyes Lingered, and drank her solitary splendom, Bathed in the radiance of calm summer skies!

All was excitement! Valleys uchly founded;
The undulating, broadly breasted hills;
The vast plains which the yelled horizon bounded.
Lit by the silver flash of restless rills

But you, ye forests, filled me most with caving '
The pang I felt still to my memory chaves,
When I beheld your endless tree-tops wiving,
As underneath the wind the ocean heaves!

And at your wafted murmuring, I, to capture
Your reachless vast, my arms would open dart,
Crying in sudden, overpowering rapture:

"The world is less immense than my own heart!.

Do not accuse of pride, O Nature! Mother!
My fleeting youth. Not vain was my unrest:
Of all thy mortal sons there is no other
Hath, rained himself more fondly to thy breast.

The summer sun has scorched my skin, and daring Has chiselled on my face its stubborn force; In foaming floods I bathed, my body baring; And on the mountains braved the tempests hoarse.

All manly pleasures that our being fashion In the rough shock of elements uncouth, All of them I have known with headlong passion; With lust of struggle pulsed my arduous youth.

Intoxicating was the zest that thrilled me.
What matter if I let the fervour seize
My quivering soul? The bitter joy that filled me
Whipped and exalted me, and left no lees.

For I had dreamt all phases of existence!

All that was frail and pent in the with scorn
I cast aside, and looked towards the distance

Where dawned the five for which my mind was born.

Was it a vain dream? O you centaurs smiting With toving hoofs your rocks and herbless sods, O you whose shape, a man's and beast's uniting, Shelters a secret fire that makes you gods!

You who quaffed life with its abundance drunken!
Your transports I have known in olden days,
In evenings when, like you in silence sunken,
I drove along the darkened forest ways!

Let me, ye savage gods, your strength was seething;
And, when a sacred madness through me ran,
In the pent breath the foliage was breathing
I deemed me one of you, I mortal man

### EMILE VERHAEREN.

1855- --.

#### THE OLD MASTERS

In smoky inns whose loft is reached by ladders, And with a grimy ceiling splashed by shocks Of hanging hams, black-puddings, onions, bladder, Rosaries of stuffed game, capons, geese, and cocks, Around a groaning table sit the gluttons **Before the bleeding ylands stuck with forks**, Already loosening their waistcoat buttons, With wet mouths when from flagens leap the corks-Teniers, and Brackenburgh, and Brauwer, shaken With listening to Jan Steen's uproarrous wit, Holding their bellies dithering with bacon, Wiping their chins, watching the hissing spit. Their heavy-bodied Hebes, with their curving Bosoms in linen white without a stain, Are going round, and in long jets are serving Wine that a sunbeam filters through the pane, Before it sets on fire the kettles' paunches The Queens of Tippling are these women, whom

Their swearing lovers, greedy of their haunches. Belabour as befits their youth in bloom, With sweating temples, blazing eyes, and folling Tongue that keeps singing songs obscenely gay, With brandished fists, bodies together rolling, Blows fit to bruise their carcases, while they, With mouth for songs are ready, throat for bumpers, And blood for ever level with their skins, Dance i to split the floor, they are such jumpers, And butt their dancer as around he spins, And lick his face in kisses engless seeming, Then fall with ransacked corsage, wet with heat; A smell of bacon fat is righly steaming From the huge platters charged with juicy meat: The roasts are passed around, in gravy swimming, Under the noses of the guests, and passed Around again, with fresh relays of trimming. And in the kitchen drudges wash up fast The platters to be sent back to the table. The dresser bulge, crowded with crockery; The cellars hold as much as they are able; And round the estrade where this agape In glowing red, from pegs hang baskets, ladles, Strainers, and saucepans, candlesticks, and flasks. Two monkeys in a corner show their navels, Throning, with glass in hand, on two twin casks; A mellow light on every angle climiners, Shines on the door-knob, through the great keyhole, Clings to a pestle, filters through the 1 immers, Is rewelled on the monster gala bowl, And slanting on the he ited hearthstone sickens, Where, o'er the embers, turns to brown the flesh

Of rosy hicking-pigs and fat cock chickens, That what the edge of appetite afresh.

From dawn to eve, from eye to dawn, and after. The masters with their women revel hold Women who play a farce of opulent laughter Farce cynical, obscene, with sleeves uprofled, In corsage ript a flowering goige not hiding, Belly that shakes with jollity, bright eyes. Noises of orgy and of rut are gliding, Rumbling, and hissing, till they end in cries, A noise of tammed from and of vessels banging. Brauwer and Steen tils baskets on their crowns: Brackenburgh is two lids together clanging; Others with pokers fiddle gridirons, clowns Are all of them, eager to show then mettle: They dance round those who he with feet in air; They scrape the frying-pan, they scrape the kettle; And the eldest are the steadlest gluttons there, Keenest in kisses, and the last to tumble: With greasy nose they lick the casseroles: One of them makes a justy to ldle grumble. Whose bow exhausts itself in cabrioles. Some are in corners vomiting, and others Are snoring with their arms hung round their seats, Babies are bawling for their sweating mothers To stuff their little mouths with monster teats. Men, women, children, all stuffed full to bursting . Appetites ravening, and instincts rife. Furies of stomach, and of throats athirsting, Debauchery, explosion of rich life, In which these master gluttons, never sated, Too genuine for insipidities, Pitching their easels lustily, created

Between two drinking-bouts a masterpace.

#### THE COWHERD.

In neckerchief and slackened apron goes

The girl to graze the cows at dawn's first peep;
Under the willow shade herself she throws

To finish out her sleep

Soon is she sinks she snores; around her brow And naked toes the seeded Grasses rise; Her bulging arms are folded anyhow, And round them buzz the flies.

The insects that all heated places love

Come flitting o'er the grass to bask in swarms

Upon the mossy patch she lies above,

And by her sprawling warms.

Sometimes her arm, with awkward empty sweep, Startles around her limbs the gratified Murmur of becs; but, greedy still of sleep, She turns to the other side.

The heavy, fleshy flowers the cattle browse Frame in the sleeping woman as she dreams; She has the heavy downess of her cows,

Her eye with their peace gleans.

Strength, that the trunk of oaks with knots embosses,
Shines, as the sap does, in her; and her hair
Is browner than barley in the fields that tosses,
Or the sand in the pathways there.

Her hands are raw, and red, and chapped: the blood
That through her tanned limbs rolls its waves of heat,
Lashes her throat, and lifts her breasts, as would
The wind lift bending wheat

Noon with a kiss of gold her rest surprises,

Low willow branches o'er her shoulders lean,
And blend, while heavier slumber in her eyes v.,

With her brown hair their green.

#### THE ART OF THE FLEMINGS

ART of the Flemings, thou didst know them, thou, Who well didst love them, wenches big of bone, With ruddy teats, and bodies like flowers blown, Thy proudest masterpieces tell us how.

Whether a goddess glimmers from thy painting, Or nymphs with dripping hair a shepherd sees Rising among the lonely raides, Or sailors to the sirens' kisses fainting,

Or females with full contours symbolizing
The seasons beautiful, O glorious Art,
These are the Masteries love-born in thy heart,
The wenches of thy colours' gormandizing.

And to create their bodies' carnal splendour,
Naked, and fat, and unashamed, thy orush
Under their clear and glossy skin made blush
A fire of unimagined colours tender.

They were a focussed light that flashed and glinted;
Their eyes were kindled at the stars, and on
Thy canvases their bosons rose and shone,
Like great bouquets of flesh all rosy-tinted.

Sweating with love they rolled about a clearing 'Mrd in the wood, or bathed then feet in springs, Warle in the thickets full of noise of wings, Satyr were prowling and through branches leering,

And had their legs, salacious, Lhagged, distorted; Their eyes, like sparks holing the darkness, lit Some leafy corner, their long mouths were slit With greasy smiles, their lustful nostrils snorted,

Till, dogs in rut, they leapt to their bitches; these Feign flight, and shiver coldly, blushing roses, Pushing the satyr off the part that closes, Squeezing their thighs together under his knees.

And some, by madness more than his ignited, Rounding their naked haunches, and rich flesh Of glorious croups beneath a showering mesh Of golden han, to wild assaults invited.

You with the life with which yourselves abounded Conceived them, masters of ar to fame, with red Brutalities of blood upon them shed, The bodies of your beauties richly a inded.

No pallid women sum: in listless poses

Morosely on your canvase are seen,

As the moon's face shimmers in waters green,

Mirroring their phthisis and chlorosis,

With foreheads sad as is the day's declining, Sad as a dolorous music faints and dies, With heavy-lidded, sick and glassy eyes, In which consumption and desput are pining,

And false, affected grace of bodies fided
Upon the sofas where their time they pis ,
In scented diessing-gowns of tilletas,
And in chemises with a dear lice braided

Nothing your brushe • act woof painted faces.

Nor of indecency, not of the nice.

Hints of a cunning and perverted vice.

Which with its winking eye our art debases,

Nor of the pediar Venuses whose diaping Of curtains of the cushioned chamber finits, Nor corners of a venal flesh that glints In nests out of the low-necked dress escaping,

Pricking, suggestive themes you knew not, faintings Of shepherdesses in false pastorals, No, nor voluptious beds in hollow walls— The pulsing women, masters, of your paintings,

In landscapes bright, or wated on by pages Crimsonly clad in ponelled thalls with gold, Or in the purple sumptuousness unrolled Of the god-guarded, mellow classic ages,

Your women sweated health; they were screnely Crimson with blood, and white with corpulence; Ruts they did hold in leashed obedience, And led them at their heels with gestur queenly

#### PEASANTS.

Nor Greuze's ploughmen made insipid in The melting colours of his pastorals, So neatly diessed, so rosy, that one laughs To see the sugared relyll chastering The pastels of a Loris Quinze salon, But duty, gross, and bestial—as they are.

Per ed round some market town in villages, They know not them who treffic in the next, But hold them enemies to cheat and rogue. Their fatherland? Not one believes in it, Except that it makes soldiers of their sons. To steal their labour for a span of years. What is the fatherland to yokels? They See only, in a corner of their brains, Vaguely, the king, magnificent man of gold, In the braided velvet of his purple robes, A sceptic, and gemmed crowns escutcheoning The panelled walls of gilded palaces, Guarded by sentinels with tasselled swords. This do they know of power. It is enough. And for the rest their heavy feet would march In clogs through duty, liberty, and law. In everything by instinct ankylosed. A dirty almanac is all they read; And though they hear the distant cities roaring, So terrified are they by revolutions, That they are rivefed to serfdon, chains, Fearing, if they should icar, the iron heel.

Along the black roads hollowed out with ruts, Dung-heaps in front and einder-heaps behind, Stretch with low roofs and naked walls their huts

Under the buffeting wind and lashing rain. These are their farms. And yonder soars the church. Stained, to the north, with ooze of verdigris, And farther, squared with ditches, he then fields. Fertile in patches, thanks to fat manure. And to the harrow's unrelenting teeth. There they keep tilling with their obstinate hands The black glebe mined by moles, and rotten with Detritus, pregnant with the autumn's sperm With dripping brow they drive the spade in deep, Doubled above the furrows they must sow. Under the hail of March that whips their back. And in the summer, when the tipe rye rocks With golden glints under the pouring sun, Here, in the fire of long and torned days. Their restless sickle shaves the vast wheat field. While from their wrinkled foreheads runs the sweat, Opening their skin from shoulders down to hips. **Noon darts its brazier** rays upon their heads: So raw the heat is that in moslin helds The too dry ears burst open, and the beasts. Their necks with guilflies riddled, part in the sun. And let November slow to dic arrive. Rolling his hectic rattle through deaf woods. Howling his sols and ending not his moans, Until his death-knell sounds—still runs then sweat. Always anew preparing future crops, Under a sky spouting from swotlen clouds, While the north wind tears big holes in the woods, And sweeps the broken stubble from the fields. So that their bodies soon in ruin fall . Let them be young and comely, broadly 'sult, Winter that chills, summer that calcines them. Makes their limbs loathsome and their lungs shortbreathed:

Or old, and bearing the down-weighing years, With plear eyes, broken backs, and useless arms, And horror stamped upon their hedgehog face, They stagger under the ruin-loving wind. And when Death opens unto them its doors, Their coffin sliding into the soft earth peems anly to contain a thing two dead

On evenings when through coldying skies the wind Is whirling the swarming snow across the fields. Grey-headed farmers sit in reckonings lost. Near lamps from which a thread of smoke ascends. The kitchen is unknipt and slatternly: A string of dirty children by the stove Gorge the spilt remnants of the evening meal: Mangy and bony cats lick dishes clean: Cocks make their beaks ring upon pewter plates; Damp soaks the leprous walls; and on the hearth Four flickering logs are twisting meagre shanks Dying with listless tongues of pale red ray; The old men's heads are full of bitter thoughts. " For all the seasons, unremitting toil, With all hands at the plough a hundred years, The farm has passed from father on to son, And, with good year, and bad, remains the same, Jogging along upon the brink or rain. ' This is what gnaws and bites them with slow tooth. So like an ulcer hate is in their hearts, Patient and cunning has with smiling face. Their frank and loud good nature hatches rage; Wickedness glimmers in their icy looks; They stink of the rancolous gall that, age by age, Their sufferings have collected in their souls.

Keen are they on the slightest gain, and mean; Since they can not enrich themselves by work, Stinginess makes their hearts hard, their hearts fetid; And black their mind is, set on petty things, And stupid and confounded before great; As they had never raised their eyes unto The sun, and seen magnificent sunsets. Spread on the evening, like a crimson lake.

BUT kermesse is for them a festival,
Even for the dirtiest, the stringest,
There go the lads to keep the wenches warm
A huge meal, greased with bacon and hot sauces,
Makes their throats salty and enflames then thirst
They roll in the inns, with rounded guts, and hearts
Aflame, and break the jaws and necks of those
Come from the neighbouring town, who try, by God!
To lick the village girls too greedily,
And gorge a plate of beef that is not thems

Savings are squandered—for the gul—must dance, And every chap must treat his mate, until The bottles strew the floor in ugly heaps. The proudest of their strength drain huge beer mugs, Their faces fire-plated, daiting fright, Thorid with bloodshot eyes and claiming mouth, In the dark rumbling revers kindle sans. The orgy grows. A stinking unite toams. In a white froth along the causey claims, Like slaughtered beasts are recling tope, floored. Some are with short steps steadying their gair, While others solo band a song's refrain, Hindered by hiccoughing and vointing.

In brawling groups they ramble through the town. Calling the wenches, catching hold of them. Hugging them, shoving at them, Letting them go, and pulling them back in rut, Throwing them down with flying skirts and legs. In the taverns--where the smoke curls like grey fog And climbs to the cailing, where the gluing sweat Of heate i, unwashed bodies, and their smells Dull wing pw-panes and pewter-pots with steam-To see butalions of couples crowd In growing numbers round the painted tables. It looks as if their crush would smash the walls. More furiously still they go on swilling, Stamping and blustering and raging through The cries of the heavy piston and shrill flute Yokels in blue smocks, old hags in white bonnets. And livid urchins smoking pipes picked up, All of them jostle, jump, and grunt like pigs. And sometimes sudden wedges of new-comers Crush in a corner the quadrille that looks, So unrestrained it is, like a mixed fight. Then try they who can bawl the loudest, who Can push the tidal wave back to the wall, Though with a knife's thrust he should stab his man. But the band now redoubles its loud din. Covers the quarrelling voices of the lads, And mingles all in leaping lun ev They calm down, joke, touch glasses, drunk as lords. The women in their turn get hot and bunk, Lust's carnal acid in their blood corredes. And in these billowing bodies, surging backs, Freed instinct grows to such a heat of rut, That to see lads and lasses wriggling and writhing, With jostling bodies, screams, and blows of fists, Crushing embraces, biting kisses, to see them

Rolling dead drunk into the corners, wallowing Upon the floor, knocking themselves against The panels, sweating, and frothing at the lips, Their two hands, their ten fingers ransacking And emptying torn corsages, it seems— **Lust is being lit at the black fire of rape** Before the sun burns with red flames, before The white mists fall in swaths, the recking inns Turn the unsteady revellers out of doors. The kermesse in exhaustion ends, the crowd Wend their way homewards to their sleeping farms. Screaming their oaths of parting as they go. The aged farmers too, with hanging arms, Their faces daubed with dregs of wine and beer, Stagger with zigzag feet towards their farms Islanded in the billowing seas of wheat.

### FOGS.

You melancholy fogs of winter roll
Your pestilential sorrow o'er my soul,
And swathe my heart with your long winding-sheet
And drench the livid leaves beneath my feet.
While far away upon the heaven's bounds,
Under the sleeping plain's wet wadding, sounds
A tired, lamenting angelus that dies
With faint, fiail echoes in the empty skies,
So lonely, poor, and timid that a rook,
Hid in a hollow archstone's dripping nook,
Hearing it sob, twakens and replics,
Sickening the oeful hush with ghistly cries,
They suddenly grows silent, in the dread
That in the bery tower the bell is dead.

#### ON THE COAST.

A BI USTERING wind the scattered vapour crowds
And shakes the horizon, where the dawn bursts, by
A charge that fills the ashen acure sky
With rearing, galloping, mad, milky clouds,

The whole, clear day, day without mist or rain, With a ping manes, gilt flanks, and fiery croups, In a flight of pallid silver and foam, their troops Career across the other's azure plain.

And still then ardour grows, until the eve's Black gesture cuts the vas' of space, and heaves Their masses towards the equall that landward blares,

While the ample sun of June, fallen from Heaven's vault,
Withes, bleeding, in their vehement assault,
Like a red stallion in a rut of mares.

#### HOMAGE.

ı.

To heap in their your hear resser fair,

By double, friend, savoury brea ts embossed,

The rosy skin by which your an as are glossed,

Your belly's curly if one of reddish hair,

My averses I will weave as, at their dears Seated, old basket-makers curb and twine White and brown oriers in a clear designy Copying enamelled tesselated floors, Until your body's gold within them teems;
And like a garland I will wear them, spun
In massive blonde heaps on my head, in the sun,
Haughtily proud, as a strong man beseems.

Your rich flesh minds me of the centauresses, Whose arms Paul Rubens rounded in his dyes Of fire beneath a weight of sun-washed tresses, Pointing their breasts to hon-cubs' green eyes

Your blood was there, when in the mazy glo uning Under some star that bit the brazen sky, They heard a stranger in the sea-fog roaming, And hailed some Hercules astray and hy;

And when with quivering sen es hot for kisses, And belly for the unknown gaping, then Arms they were twisting, calling to mad blisses Huge, swarthy caters of rut on a body bare

### CANTICLES

LIKE lissom lizards drinking the sun's fires.
Of gold, with great wide eyes and bronze miled feet Crawl towards your body my long, green desires.

In the full torrid noon of summer heat. I have bedded you in a nook at a field edge, Where the tanned meshin shoots a shaveing wedge

Heat is suspended o'er us like a dais;
The sky prolongs the vast expanse, gold-plated;'
Afar the Scheldt a dwindling, silver way is;

Lascivious, hage, you lie there yet unsated; Like lissom lizards drinking the sun's fires Of go'd, crawl back to you my spent desires.

#### 11.

My love shall be the gorgeous sun that robes With torrid summer and with idlenesses Your body's naked slopes and hilly globes,

Showering its light upon you in caresses, And this new brazier's contact shall be in Tongues of an ambient gold that lick your skin.

The tragic, rolling red of dawn and eve,
And the day's beauty you shall be; with hues
Of splendom you a billowy robe shall weave;

Your flesh shall be like fabulous statues, Which in the desert sang, and shone like roses, When morning borned their blocks with apotheoses.

#### 111.

I would not choose the sunflowers that unclose In daylight; nor the hily long of stem; Nor roses loving winds to fondle them; No, nor great nenuphars whose pulp morose, And wide, cold eyes, charged with eternity, Upon their imaging pond yawn idle-lipped Their stirless dreams; nor flowers despotic, whipped By wrath and wind along a hostile sea,

To symbolize you. No, but shivering wet Under the dawn, with great red callyx leaves Mingling as jets of blood are fused in sheaves, A group of garden dahlas closely set,

Which, in voluptuous days of autumn, bright With matter's hot maturity and heats, Lake monstrous and vermilion women's teats, Grow stiff beneath the golden hands of light

### DYING MEN.

SHARP with their ills, and lonely in their dying,
The sceptic sick watch by their chamber fire,
With haggard eyes, the evening magnifying
The house-fronts, and the blackening church-spire

The hour is dead where in some never crowded City by time extinguished, desolate, They live immured in wills by mourning shrouded, And hear the monument d hinges grate.

Haggard and lone, they gaze at Death unbeaten, Like grim old wolves, the hieratic sick; Life and its days identic they have eaten, Their hate, their fate, diseases clustering thick. But shaken in their cynical assurance,
And in their haughtiness and pale disgust,
They ask "Is happiness not in endurance
Of wilful suffering, suffering loved with lust?"

Of old they left their hearts go out to others;
Benevolent, they prized alien griefs;
And, like apostics, loved their suffering brothers,
And feared their pride, cabined in dead beliefs.

But now they think that love is more cemented. By cruelty than kindness, which is vain.

What of the few, characters they have prevented?

How many more have flowed? Decreed is pain.

Empty the golden islands are, where lingers . In golden mist Dream in a mantle spun Of purple, skimming foam with idle fingers From silent gold rained by a teeming sun.

Broken the proud masts, and the waves are churning!

Steer to extinguished ports the vessel's prow:

No lighthouse stretches its immensely hurning

Arm to the great stars—dead the fires are now.

Haggard and lone, they gaze at Death unbeaten,
I ske grim old walve, the because sick;
Lafe and its days identic they have exten,
Their hate, then fate, diseases concerning thick.

With nails of wood they beat hot foreheads. Cages
Of bones for fevers are their bodies. Blind
Then eyes, their lips like withered parchment pages.
A bitter sand beneath then teeth they grind.

Now in their extinct souls a longing blazes
To sail, and in a new world live again,
Whose sunset like a smoking tripod raises
The God of shade and ebony in its brain;

In a fat land of tempests raging madly,
In lands of tury hourse and livid dreams,
Where man can drown, feromoraly and glidly,
Ilis soul and all his heart in tiery streams

They are the tragic sick sharp with diseases; Haggard and lone they watch the town fires fade; And pale façades are waiting till it pleases. Their crumbling bodies have their collins made

#### THE ARMS OF EVENING.

WHILE the cold night stones its terrace, gored And dying evening throws upon the heath, And forest fringed with mushes underneath, The gold of his armour and the flash of his sword,

Which wave to wave go floating on, too soon
Yet to have lost day's flaunting ardent glow,
But kissed already by the shadowed, slow
Lips of the pious, silver-handed moon,

The lonely moon remembering the  $\phi$  ty,
Whose brandished weapons made a golden glare,
A pale wraith in the paleness of the air,
The moon for ever pale and far away!

### THE MILL.

DEEP in the evening slowly turns the mill Against a sky with melancholy pale; It turns and turns, its muddy-coloured sail Is intinitely heavy, tired, and ill

Its arms, compluining arms, in the dawn's pink ose, rose and fell; and in this o'creast eve, and deadened nature's silence, still they heave Themselves aloft, and weary till they sink.

Winter's sick day lies on the fields to sleep;
The clouds are tried of sombre journeyings;
And past the wood that gathered shadow flings.
The ruts towards a dead horizon creep.

Around a pale pond buts of beechwood built
Despondently squat near the rusty reeds;
A lamp of brass hang from the ceiling bleeds
Upon the wall and windows blots of gilt.

And in the vast plain, with their ragged eyes
Of windows patched, the suffering hovels watch
The worn-out mill the bleak horizon notch,—
The tired mill turning, turning till it dies.

#### IN PIOUS MOOD.\*

THE winter lifts its chalice of pure night to heaven.

And I uplift my heart, my night-worn heart in turn, O Lord, my heart! to thy pale, infinite Inane,

Y The Sacoy, No 4, August 1896

And yet I know that nought the implenishable urn May plenish, that nought is, whereof this heart dies fain; And I know thee a he, and with my hips make prayer And with my knees; I know thy great, shut hands averse.

Thy great eyes closed, to all the clamours of despair; It is I, who dream myself into the universe; Have pity on my wandering wits entire discord; Needs must I weep my woe towards thy silence, Lord!

The winter litts its charice of pure night to heaven.

-OSMAN EDWARDS.

#### THE FERRYMAN.

WITH hands on oars the ferryman Strove where the stubborn current ran, With a green reed between his teeth.

But she who hailed him from the bank, Beyond the waves, among the rushes rank That rim the rolling heath, Into the mists receded more and more

The windows, with their eyes,
And the dials of the towers upon the shore,
Watched him, with doubled back,
Straining and toiling at the oar,
And heard his nuscles crack.

Of a sudden broke an oar, Which the current bore On heavy waves down to the sea. And she who haded him from the mist, in the blustering wind, appeared More madly still her arms to twist, Towards him who never neared

The ferryman took to the oar remaining Virth such a might, That all his body cracked with straining, And his heart shook with feverish fright.

A sadden shock, the rudder fore, And the current bore This remnant to the sea.

The windows on the shore, Lake eyes with fever great, And the dials of the towers, those widows straight That in their thousands throng A river bank, were obstinately staring At this mad fellow obstinately daring His crazy voyage to prolong.

And she who hailed him there with chattering teeth, Howled and howled in the mists of night, With head stretched out in frantic fright To the unknown, the vast, and rolling heath.

The ferryman, as a statue stands,
Bronze in the steem that paled by: blood,
With the one oar it in in his hat is,
Beat the waves, and bit the flood.
His old hallucinated eyes
Soo the lit distances rejoice,
Whence reaches him the lamentable voice,
Under the freezing skies.

His last oar breaks, His last oar the current takes, Like a straw, down to the sea.

The ferryman exhausted sank Upon his bench, with sweat that poured His loins with vain exertion sore, A high wave struck on the loc board, He looked, behind him by the bank. He had not left the shore

The windows and the dials gazed, With eyes they opened wide, amazed, Where all his strength to ruin ran: But the old, stubborn ferryman Kept all the same, for God knows when, The green reed in his to eth, even then.

## THE RAIN.

As recled from an exhaustless bobbin, the long run, Interminably through the long gray day, Lines the green window pane. With its long threads of gray, The recled, exhaustless run, The long rain, The rain.

It has been ravelling out, since last subset, Rags hanging soft and low From sudky skies of jet. Umavelling, patient, slow,

Upon the roads, since last sunset, and on roads and streets, Continual sheets.

Along the leagues that wind Through quiet suburbs to the fields behind, Along the roads interminably bending, In fine real procession, drenched, resigned, Tolling, bathed in sweat and steam, Vehicles with tilted coverings are wending; In rus so regular, And parallel so far By night to join the firmament they seem, The water drips hour after hour, The spouts gush, and the trees shower, With long rain wet, With rain tenacious yet.

Rivers o'er rotten dikes are brimming Upon the neadows where drowned hay is swimming; The wind is whipping walnut trees and alders, And hig black oven wading stand Deep in the water of the polders, And bellow at the writhen sky; And evening is at hand, Bringing its shadows to enfold the plain, and lie Clustered at the washed tree's root; And ever falls the rain, The long rain, As fine and dense as coot.

The long rain,
The long rain falls afresh;
And its identic thread

Weaves mesh by mesh A raiment making naked shred by shred The cottages and farmyards gray Of hamlets crumbling fast away; A bunch of linen rags that hang down sick \*Upon a loosely planted stick Here a blue dovecote to the roof that cleave . Sinister window panes Plastered with paper rank with mildew stain. Dwellings whose regular eve-Form crosses on their gable ends of stone: Uniform, melancholy mills, Standing like horns upon their hills: Chapels, and spires with ivy overgrown. The rain The long rain Winter-long beneath them burrows

The rain, in lines,
The long, gray rum untwines
Its watery tresses o'er its furrows,
The long rain
Of countries old,
Torpid, eternally unrolled.

### THE FISHERMEN.

UP from the sea a flaky, dank, Thickening fog rolls up, and chokes Windows and closed doors, and smokes Upon the slippery river bank.

Drowned gleams of gas-lamps shake and fall Where rolls the river's carrion;

The moon tooks like a corpse, and on The heaven's run its burial.

But flickering lanterns now and then Light up and magnify the backs, Bent obstinately in their smacks, O, the old river fishermen, Whit all the time, from last sunset, For hat night's fishing none can know, Have east their black and greedy net, Where silent, evil waters flow.

Deep down beyond the reach of eye Fates of Evil gathering throng, Which lure the fishers where they lie To fish for them with patience strong, True to their task of simple toiling In contradictory fogs embroiling.

And o'er them peal the minutes stark, With heavy hammers peal their knells, The minutes sound from belfry bells, The minutes hard of autumn dark, The minutes list.

And the black fishers in their ships, In their cold ships, are clad in shreds; Down their cold nape their old hat drips And drop by drop in water sheds All the mist.

Their villages are numb and freeze;
Their huts are all in ruin sunk,
And the willows and the walnut-trees
The winds of the west have whipped and shrunk

And not a bark comes through the dark, And never a cry through the void midnight, That floated, humid ashes blight

And never helping one another,
Never brother hailing brother,
Never doing what they ought,
For himself each fisher's thought.
And the first draws his net, and scizes
All the fry of his poverty;
And the next drags up, as keen as he,
The empty bottoms of diseases;
Another opens out his net
To griefs that on the surface swim,
And another to his vessel's rim
Pulls up the flotsam of regret.

The river churns, league after league, Along the dikes, and tuns away, As it has done so many a day, To the far horizon of fatigue; Upon its banks skins of black clay By night perspire a poison draught; The logs are fleeces far to waft, And to men's houses journey they.

Never a lantern streaks the dark, And nothing stirs in the fisher's bark, Save, nimbusing with halos of blood. The thick white felt of the clustering logs Silent Death, who with madness clocal The brains of the fishermen on the flood. Lonely at the fog's cold heart, Each sees not each, though side hy side; Their arms are tired, their vessels ride By sandbanks marked on ruin's chart.

Why in the dark do they not hail each other? Why does a brother's voice console not brother?

No, a mb and haggard they remain, With vaulted back and heavy brain, With, by their side, their little light Rigid in the river's night.
Like blocks of shadow there they are, And never pierce their eyes afar Beyond the acrid, spongy wet: And they suspect not that above, Luring them with a magnet's love, Stars immense are shining yet.

These fishers in black torment tossed, They are the men immensely lost Among the knells and far aways And far beyonds where none can gaze; And in their souls' monotonous deeps The humid autumn indrught weeps.

### SILENCE.

SINCE last the summer broke above her A flath of lightning from his thunder-sheath, Silence has never left her cover.

In the heather on the heath.

# Emile Verhaeren.

Across her refuge deers the steeple, And with its Engers shakes its bells; Around her prowl the vehicles, Laden with uproarious people; Arc nd her, where the fir-trees end, In its rut the cart-wheel grates; But never a noise has strength to rend The tense, dead space where silence waits.

Since the last loud thunder weather, Silence has stirred not in the heather; And the heath, wherein the evenings sink, Beyond the endless thickets, and The purple mounds of hidden sand, Lengthens her haunts to heaven's brink

And even winds stir not the slim Larches at the marsh's run, Where she will glass her abstract eyes In pools where wondering likes rise; And only brushes her the clouds' Shadow when they rush in crowds, Or else the shadow of a flight Of hovering hawks at heavens' height.

Since the last flash of lightning streaked the plain, Nothing has bitten, in her vast domain.

And those who in her realm did roam, Whether it were in dawn or gloam, They all have felt their hearts held fast In spells of mystery she has cast. She, like an ample, final force, Keeps on the same unbroken course,

Black walls of pinewoods glock and bar The paths of hope that gleam afar? Clusters of dreamy junipers Frighten the feet of wanderers; Malignant mizes intertwine With paths of cunning curve and line, And the sun every moment shifts The goal to which confusion drifts

Since the lightning that the storm forged bit, The bitter silence at the corners four Of the heath, has changed no whit.

The shepherds with their hundred years worn out, And the spent dogs that follow them about, See her, on golden dunes where shadows flit, Or in the noiseless moorland, sometimes sit, Immense, beneath the outspread wing of Night; Then waters on the wrinkled pond take fright; And the heather veils itself and palely glistens, And every leaf in every thicket listens, And the incendiary sunset stills. The last cry of his light that o'er her thrills.

And the hamlets neighbouring her, beneath Then thatch of hovels on the heath, Shiver with terror, feeling len Dominant, though he do not stir; Mournful, and tired, and helpless hey Staad in her present has at bay, And watch benumbed, and nigh to swoon, Fearing, when mists shall hit, to see, Suddenly opening under the moon, The silver eyes of her mystery.

# EMILI VERHAEREN. THE ROPE-MAKER.

AT the dike's foot that wearily Curves along the sinuous sca, The visionary, silver-haired Rope-maker with arms bared, Pulling backwards as he stands, Rolls together, with prudent hands, The twisting play of endless twine, Coming from the far sky-line.

Down yonder in the sunset sheen, In the twilight tired and chill, A busy wheel is whizing still, Moved by one who is not seen; But, parallel on stakes that space. The road from equal place to place, The yellow hemp that the roper draws Runs in a chain that never flaws.

With skilful fingers thin and old, Fearing to break the glint of gold That with his work the gliding light Blends by the houses growing dun, The visionary rope; weaves Out of the heart of the addying eves, And draws the horizons unto him

Horizons? Those of red sunsets: Furies, hatred, fights, regrets, Sobs of beings broken-hearted, Horizons of the days departed, Writhen, golden, overcast; Horizons of the living past.

Of old—the life of strayed somnam ulists,
When the right hand of God to Canaatis blue
The road of gold through gloaming deserts drew,
Through morns and evenings swayed with shifting mists.

Of old—exasperated life careering
Hanging from stallions' manes, lighting the dense
Darkness with heels that flashed out gleams immense,
Towards comensity immensely rearing.

Of old —it was a life of burning leaven;
When the Red Cross of Hell and Heaven's White
Through nules of marshalled mail that shed the light
Marched each through blood towards its victory's heaven.

Of old—it was a foaming, hvid life,
Living and dead, with toosin bells and crime,
Edicts and massacres reddening the time,
With mad and splendid death above the strife.

Between the flax and osiers, On the road where nothing stirs, Along the houses growing dim, The visionary roper weaves Out of the heart of the eddying eves, And draws the horizon into h m.

Horizons? There they linger yet: Toil, and science, struggle, fret Horizons? There at even-chime, They in their mirrors show the mourning Image of the present time. Now, a mass of fires that belch defiance,
Where wise men, leagued in mighty storm and stress,
Hurl the gods down to change the nothingness
Whereunto strives the force of human science.

Mow, lod a room that ruthless thought has swept, Weighed and exactly measured, and men swear The firmament is arched by empty air; And Death is in glass bottles corked and kept

Now, lo! a glowing furnace, and resistance Of matter molten in fire's dragon dens; New strengths are forged, fir inightier than men's, To swallow up the night, and time, and distance.

Here, lo! a palace tiredly built, and lying Beneath a century's weight, bowed down and yellow, And whence, in terror, mighty voices bellow, Invoking thunder towards adventure flying.

Upon the regular road, with eyes Fixed where the silent sunset dies, And leaves the houses drear and dim, The visionary roper weaves Out of the heart of the eddying eyes, And draws the horizons unto him

Horizons? Where you sunset beams. Combats, hopes, awakenings, gleams, The horizons he can see defined. In the future of his mind, Far beyond the shores that swim Sketched in the sky of sunsets dim.

Up yonder—in the calm skies hange a red Staircase of double gold with steps of blue, With Dream and Science mounting it, the two Who separately climb to one stair-head.

The lightning clash of contraries expires;
Doubt's mournful fist its lingers opes, while wed
Essential laws that had been wont to shed
In horal coctrines their fragmentary fires.

Up yonder—mind more strong and subtle darts. Its violence past death and what is seen.

And universal love sheds a serene.

And mighty silence over tranquil hearts.

The God in every human heart, above,
Unfolds, expands, and his own being sees
In those who sometimes fell upon their knees
To worship sacred grief and humble love.

Up yonder—living peace is burning bright,
And shedding on these lands, down evening's slope
A bliss that kindles, like the brands of hope,
In the air's ash the great stars of the night.

At the dike's feet that wearny Curves along the sinuous sea Towards the distant eddying spaces, The visionary roper paces Along the houses growing dim, And drinks the horizons into him.

#### SAINT GEORGE.

By a broad flash the fog was split, And Saint George, with gold and jewels lit, Came down the slope of it. With feathers foaming from his crest, Riding a charger with a nulky breast, And in its mouth no bit.

With diamonds decked the two Made of their fall a path of pity to This earth of ours from Heaven's blue.

Heroes with helpful virtues dowered,
Sonorous with courage, heroes crystalline,
O through my heart now let the radiance shine
That from his aureolar sword is showered!
O let me hear the silver prattle
Of the wind around his coat of mail,
And around his spurs in battle;
Saint George, who shall prevail,
He who has heard the cries of my distress,
And comes to save from scatth
My poor arms stretched unto his great prowess!

Like a loud cry of faith,
He holds his lance at rest,
Saint George;
He passes, I behold
A victory as of a haggard gold,
I see his forehead with the Christa blessed
Saint George of duty,
Bright with his heart's and his own beauty.

Sound, all ye voices of my hope! Sound in myself, and on the sun-swept slope, And high roads, and the shaded avenue! And, gleams of silver between stones, be you Joy, and you p. bbles white with waters ope Your eyes, and book U1 through the brook Whose ripples o'er you roll, And, 'andscape with thy crimson lakes, be thou The mirror of the flights of flame that now Saint George takes to my soul!

Against the black dragon's teeth, Against the pustules of a leprous skin He is the glaive and the miraculous sheath. Charity on his curiass burns, and in His courage is the bounding overthrow Of instinct swart with sin

Fire golden-sifted, fire that wheels, And eddying stars in which his glory lies, Flashed from his charger's galloping heels, Dazzle my memory's eyes.

The beautiful ambassador is he From the white country that with marble glows, Where in the parks, on the sea's strand, and on the tree
Of goodness, kindness gently grow-

The port, he knows n, where the vessels ride, With angels filled, upon a rippling tide; And the long evenings lighting islands fair But motionless upon their waters, where, And in eyes also, firmaments are seen.

This kingdom both the Virgin for its Queen, And St. George is the humble joy of her palace, In the air his falchion glimmers like a chalice; Saint George with his devouring light, Who like a fire of gold dispels my spirit's night.

He knows how far my feet have wandered, He knows the strength that I have squandered, And with what fogs my brom has fought, He knows what keen assassin knives. Have cut black crosses in my thought, He knows my scorn of rich men's lives, He knows the mask of wrath and folly. Upon the dregs of my melancholy.

I was a coward in my flight
Out of the world in my sick, vain defiance;
I have lifted, under the roofs of night,
The golden marbles of a hostile science
To the barred summits of black oracles;
But the King of the Night is Death;
And man but in the dawning's breath
His enigmatic effort spells,
When flowers unclose, prayer too uncloses,
With the scent of prayer their lips are sweet,
And the white sun on a nacieous water-sheet
Is a kiss that on man's lips reposes;
Dawn is a counsel to be hold,
And he who hearkens is tenfold
Saved from the maish that never yet cleansed sin.

Saint George in cuitass glittering With leaps of fire sprung Uato my soul through the fresh morning; He was beautiful with faith and young;

And more to me he bent
As he beheld me pentent;
As from an intimate golden phial
He filled me with his soaring;
Though he was proud unto my sight,
I laid the sweet flowers of my trial
Ir his pale hand of blest restoring;
In a signed he, ere he did depait,
My row with his lance's cross of gold,
Bad, me he of good cheer and, bold,
And soared, and bore to God my heart.

1,6

#### IN THE NORTH.

Two ancient mariners from the Northern Main One autumn eve came sailing home again, From Sicily and its deceifful islands, Carrying a shoal of strens On board

Sharpened with pride they sail into their bay; Among the mists that mark the homeward way They cut their passage like a sword; Under a mournful and monotonous gale, One autumn evening of a sidness pale, Into their northern fjord they san.

From the safe shor the burghers of the haven Gaze listless, cold, and craven And on the masts, and in the ropes, behold The sirens covered with gold Biting, like vines, Their bodies' sinuous lines.

The burghers g, re with closed and sullen mouth, Nor see the ocean booty of the south, Brought in the fog's despite:
The vessel seems a basket silver-white,
Laden with flesh and fruit and gold for home,
Advancing borne on wings of form.

The sirens sing, and in the cordage they With arms stretched out in lyres,
And lifted breasts like fires,
Sing and sing a lay
Before the rolling eve,
Which reaps upon the sea the lights of day;
The sirens sing, and cleave
Around the masts as curves the handle of the urn,
And still the citizens, uncouth and facilium,
Hear not the song.

They do not know their friends away so long—The ancient mariners twain—nor understand The vessel is of their own land,
Neither the foe-plbs of their own
Making, nor the stills themselves have sewn;
Of this deep dream they lathom naught,
Which-makes the sea glad with its journeyings,
Since it was not the he of all the things
That in their village to their youth were taught.
And the ship passes by the harbour mole,
Luring them to the wonder of its soul,
But none will gather them the frui's
Of flesh and gold that load the treilised shoots.

#### THE TOWN

EVERY road goes to the town.

Under the mist that the sun illumes, She, where her terraces arise And taper to the terraced skics, Herself as from a dream exhumes.

Yonder glimmer looking down, Bridges trimmed with iron lace, Leaps in air and caught in space; Blocks and columns like the head Of a Gorgon gashed and red; O'er the suburbs chimneys tower; Gables open like a flower, Under stagnant roofs that frown.

This is the many-tentacled town, This is the flaming octopus, The oscuary of all of us. At the country's end she waits, Feeling towards the old estates.

Meteoric gas-lamps line Docks where tufted masts entwine; Still they burn in noomides cold, Monster egg, of viscous gold: Never seems the sun to shine Mouth as it is of radiance, shut By reeking smoke and driving smut.

A river of pitch and naphtha rolls By wooden bridges, mortared moles; And the raw whistles of the ships Howl with fright in the log that grips. With a red signal light they peer Towards the sea to which they sizer.

Quays with clashing butter; groan;
Carts grate o'er the cobble stone;
Cranes are cubes of shadow raising,
And shipping them in cellars blazing;
Bridges opening lift a vast
Gibbet till the ships have passed;
Letters of brass inscribe the world,
On roofs, and walls, and shop-fronts curled,
Face to face in battle massed

Wheels file and file, the drosky plies, Trains are rolling, effort files, And like a prow becalined, the glare Of gilded stations here and there; And, from their platforms, ramified Rails beneath the city glide, In tunnels and in craters, whence They storm in network flashing thin Out into hubbuls, dust, and din.

This is the many tentacled town.

The street, with edgics fied like ropes. Around its squares, runs out and gropes. Along the city up and down, And runs back far enlaced, and lined. With crowds inextricably twined, Whose mad feet beat the flags beneath, Whose eyes are filled with hate, whose teeth. Snatch at the time they cannot eatch.

Dawn, eve, and night, let in the press, They welter in their weariness. And cost to chance the little seed Of Lobour that no gain can breed. And dens black with inanity Where portoned sits the clerk and faste; And banks wide open to the blasts Of the winds of their insanity.

Outside, in wadding of the damp, Red lights in streaks, like burning rags, Straggle from reeking lamp to lamp. And alcohol goads life that lags. The bar upon the causey masses. Its tabernacle of looking-glasses, Reflecting drunken louts and hags. To and fro a young girl passes, And sells lights to the lolling men; Debauch buys famine in her den; And carnal lust ignited sallies. To dance to death in rotten alleys.

Lust roars and leaps from breast to breast, Whipped to a rage uproarious,
To a blind crush of himbs in quest
Of the pleasure of gold and phosphorus;
And in and out wan women fare,
With sexual symbols to their hair.
The atmosphere of reeking dun
At times recodes towards one sun,
As though a loud cry called to Peace
To bid the deafening noises cease;
But all the city pulls and blows
With such a violent snort and flush,
That the dying seek in vain the hush
Of silence that eyes need to close.

Such is the day—and when the eves With chony hammers carve the skies, Over the plain the city heaves Its shimmer of colossal lies, Her haunting, gilt desires arise; Her radiance to the stars is cast; She gathers her gas in golden sheaves. Her rails are highways flying fast To the mirage of happiness That strength and fortune seem to bless; Like a great army swell her walls; And all the smoke he still sends down Reaches the fields in radiant calls

This is the many-tentacled town.
This is the burning octopus,
The ossuary of all of us,
The carease with solenin candles lit.

And all the long ubiquitous Roads and pathways reach to it

#### THE MUSIC-HALL.

Whose wings the city afferies closs, 'Mid ringing plaudits, at the back Of a radiant hall their Orients they unpack.

The acrobat on any trestle poores; Great suns of strass shine o'er the scene. Clashing their fists stand cymbal-players, lea Breakers of cries and noises;

And when the ballet-corps with painted faces In a thicket of perplexing steps appear, Tangling and disentangling labyrinthine paces, The hall, hung with its gorgeous chandelier, That o'er a suiging sea of faces glares, The hall with heavy velvet clad, Wit i balconies like pad on pad, Is like a belly that a woman bares

Swarning battalions of flesh and thighs March under arches flowered with thousand dyes; Lace, petticoats, throats, legs, and hips. Teams of rut whose breasts, though bridled, yet Are bounding, yoke by yoke the coiled dance trips, Blue with paint and raw with sweat.

Hands, vainly opening, seem to seize
Only invisible desire that flees;
A dancer, darting legs her tights leave bare,
Stiffens obscently in the air;
Another with swimming eyes and flanks that writhe
Shrinks like a trampled beast above the loud
Flare of the foothghts swaying with the lithe
Lust of the gloating crowd.

O blasphemy vociferously burled. In crying gold on the Beauty of the world! Afterious feint of Art, while Art (1) lime. Is lying massacred and sunk in sline! O noisy pleasure sin jing as it treads. On tortured ugliness that twists and cries; Pleasure against Joy's grain that nuitures heads. With alcohol, with alcohol men's eyes; O pleasure whose rank month calls out for flowers, And yomits the vile ferment it devours!

Pleasare of old, heroic, calm, and bare, Walked with calm hands and forehead clear as air; The wind and the sun danced in his heart, he pressed Divine, harmonious life to his warm breast; His breast that breathed it in was Beauty's source; He knew no law that dared call Beauty coarse, Sunrise and sunset, spring, with mosses grassed, And the green bough that brushed him as he passed, Thulled to his deep soul through his flesh, and were The kiss of things that love makes lovelier.

Now senile and debauched, he licks and eats Sin that beguiles him with her poisoned teats; Now in his garden of anomalies Bibles, codes, texts, and rules he multiplies, And ravishes the faith he then denies. His loves are gold. His hatreds? Flights unto Beauty that grows still loveher, still more true, Opening in starry flowers in heavens blue. Look where he haunts these halls of monstrous art, Whose burning windows to the heavens dart. A restlessness by gazing still renewed: Here is the beast transformed to a multitude.

Filled with contagion thousand eyes deflect To find a million more they may infect; One mind to thousands casts its brazer fire, To be consumed the more in sick desire, To breed new vices, unmagned Hell.

The conscience changes, and the brain as well; Another race is bred from putrid spawn, A writhen black totality, a sum Of ciphers spreading in a weltering seum, That outrages the healthfulness of Dawn.

O shames and crimes of crowds that reek and stain The city like a bellowing hurricane?' Gulfed in the plaster boxes tier on tier Of theatres and halls obscene and blear!

The stage is like a fan unfurled. Enamelled minarets protesquely curled. House nd terraces and avenues. Under the limelight's changing bucs, First in slow rhythms, then with victent sweep, Gathering swift kisses, touching breasts that leap, Meet the Bayadères with swaying hips; Negro boys, whose heads with plumes are tipped, With their foam-coloured teeth in hips Like a red vulva open ripped, Move all as pushed along in sluggish poses. A drum beats, an obstinate horn cries long, A raw life tickles a stupid song, And at the last, for the final anotheosis, A mad assault over the boards is sweeping, Gold and throats and thighs in stages heaping In curled entanglements; and then all closes With garments splitting offering rounded shapes And vice half hid in flowers like tempting grapes.

And the orchestra daes, or a blonly halts, And climbs, and swells, and rolls in whipped assaults; Out of the volums wingle spasms or as; Lascivious does in the tempest scene to bark. Of heavy brasses and of strong bassoons, A manifold desire swells, sickens, swoons, Revives, and with such heavy violence heaves, The sense cries out, and helpless reels, And prostitutes itself to a spacin that relieves.

And midnight peals.
The dense crowd pours and at the doors unfurls.
The hall is closed—and on the black causeways,
Gaudy beneath the gaslamps' leering gaze,
Red in the fog like flesh, await the girls

#### THE BUTCHER'S STALL

HARD by the docks, soon as the shadows fold The dizzy mansion-fronts that soar aloft, When eyes of lamps are burning soft, The shy, dark quarter lights ag un its old Allurement of red vice and gold.

Women, blocks of heaped, blown meat, Stand on low thresholds down the narrow street, Calling to every man that press; Behind them, at the end of corndors, Shine fires, a curtain stres. And gives a glimpse of masses. Of mad and naked flesh in looking-glasses. Hard by the docks. Hard by the docks. The street upon the left is ended by A tangle of high masses and shrouds that blocks. A sheet of sky. Upon the right a net of grovelling alleys. Falls from the town—and here the black crowd rallies. To reel to rotten revely.

It is the flabby, fulsome butcher's stall of ensury, Time out of mind erected on the frontiers Of the city and the sea. Far-sailing inclancholy mariners who, wet with spray, through grey mists peer, Cradled among the rigging cabin-boys, and they who steer

Hallucinated by the blue eyes of the vast sea-spaces, All dream of it, evoke it when the evening falls; Their raw desire to madness galls.

The wind's soft kisses hover on their faces; The wive awakens rolling images of soft embraces; And their two arms implore, at Stretched in a frantic cry towards the shore.

And they of offices and shops, the city tribes, Merchants precise, keen reckoners, haggard scribes, Who sell their brains for hire, and tame their brows, When the keys of desks are hanging on the wall, Feel the same galling rut at even-fall, And run like hunted dogs to the carouse. Out of the depths of dusk come their dark flocks, And in their hearts debauch so rudely shocks. Their ingrained greed and old accustomed care, That they are racked and ruined by despair.

It is the flabby, fulsome butcher's stall of luxury, Time out of mind erected on the frontiers Of the city and the sea.

Come from what far sea-isles or pestilent parts? Come from what feverish or methodoc marts? Their eyes are filled with bitter, cunning hate, They fight their instructs that they cannot sate; Around red females who befool them, they Herd trenzied till the dawn of sober day. The panelling is fiery with lewd art; Out of the wall nitescent knick-knacks dart;

Fat Bacchuses and lapping satyrs in Wan mirrors freeze an unremitting grin; Flowers sicken on the gaming-tables where The warming bowls twist fire of light blue hair; A pot of paint curds on an étagère; A cat is eatching flies on cushioned seats; A drunkard lolls asleep on yielding plush, And women come, and o'er him bending, brush His closed, red lids with their enormous teats.

And women with spent loins and sleeping croups Are piled on sofas and aim chairs in groups, With sodden flesh grown vague, and black and blue With the first trampling of the evening's crew One of them slides a gold com in her stocking. Another yawns, and some their knees are rocking; Others by bacchanalia worn out, Feeling old age, and, snifting them, Death's snout, Stare with wide-open eyes, torches extinct, And smooth their legs with hands together linked.

It is the flabby, fulsome butcher's stall of luxury, Time out of mind erected on the frontiers Of the city and the sea.

According to the jingle of the purses The women mingle promises with curses; A tranquil cynicism, a tired pleasure Is meted duly to the money's measure.

The kiss grows weary, and the game grows tame Often when fist with fist together clashes, In the wind of oaths and mults still the same, Some gaiety out of the blasphemy flashes,

But soon sinks, and you hear, In the silence dank and drear, A halting steeple near Sounding, sick with pity, In the darkness over the city.

Yet in those months by festivals sanctified. St. Pete in summer, in winter Christmastide, The ance nt quarter of dut and light Soars up to sin and pounces on its joys, Fermenting with wild songs and boisterous noise Window by window, flight by flight, With vice the house-fronts glow Down from the parret to the grids below. Everywhere rage roars, and couples heats. In the great hall to which the sailors throng, Pushing some jester of the streets. Convulsed in obscene minicry, along, The wines of foam and gold leap from their sheath Wonien fall underneath Mad, brawling drunkards: loosened ruts Flame, arms unite, and body body butts; Nothing is seen but instincts slaked and lit afresh, Breasts offered, bellies taken, and the fire Of haggard eyes in sheaves of brandished flesh.

The fienzy climbs, and sinks to use still higher, Rolls like exasperated roles, And backwards clides, Until the moment when dawn fills the port, And Death, tried of the port, Back to ships and homesteads sweeps and harries. The hmp debauch and human weed. That on the pavement tarries.

It is the flabby, fulsome butcher's stall of luxury, Wherein Crime plants his knives that bleed, Where lightning madness stains Foreheads with rotting pains, Time out of mind erected on the frontiers that feed The city and the sea

#### A CORNER OF THE QUAY

WHEN the wind sulks, and the dune dries, The old salts with uneasy eyes Hour after hour peer at the skies

All are silent; their hands turning,
A brown fine from their hips they wipe,
Never a sound save, in their pipe,
The dry tobacco burning.

That storm the almanac announces, Where is it? They are puzzled. The sea has smoothed her flounces. Winter is muzzled.

The cute ones shake their pate,
And cross their aims, and pull.
But mate by mate they wait,
And think the equal is late,
But coming sure enough.

With fingers slow, sedate
Their finished pipe they fed:
Pursuing, every salt,
Without a minute's halt,
The same idea still.

A boat sails up the bay, As tranquil as the day;

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As tranquil as the day; Its keel a long net trails, Covered with glittering scales.

Out come the men: What ho?
When will the tempest come?
With pipe in mouth, still dumb,
With bare foot on sabot,
The salts wait in a row.

Here they lounge about,
Where all year long the stout
Fishers' dames
Sell, from their wooden frames,
Herrings and anchovies,
And by each stall a stove is,
To warm them with its flames.

Here they spit together, Spying out the weather. Here they yawn and doze; Backs bent with many a squall, Rubbing it in rows, Grease the wall.

And though the almanac
Is wrong about the squall,
The old salts kan their back
Against the wall,
And wait in rows together,
Watching the sea and the weather.

#### MY HEART IS AS IT CLIMBED A STEEP.

My heart is as it clumbed a steep, To reach your kindness fathomlessly deep, And there I pray to you with swimming eyes.

I came so late to where you are,
You with your pity more than prodigal's surmise;
I came from very fat
Unto the two hands you were holding out,
Calmly, to me who stumbled on in doubt!
I had in me so much tenacious rust,
That gnawed with its rapacious teeth
My confidence in myself;

I was so tired, I was so spent, I was so old with my mistrust, I was so tired, I was so spent With all the reads of my discontent.

So little I deserved the joy how deep Of seeing your feet light up my wilderness, That I am trembling still with it, and nigh to weep, And lowly for ever is the heart you bless.

## WHEN I WAS AS A MAN THAT HOPELESS PINES.

WHEN I was as a man that hopeless pines, And pitalls all my hours were, You were the light that welcomed home the wanderer, The light that from the frosted window sames On snow at dead of night.

Your spirit's hospitable light
Touched my heart, and hurt it not.

Like a cool hand on one with fever hot!

A clement word of green, reviving hope
Ran down the piled wrack of my heart's waste slope;
Then came stout confidence and right good will,

Frankness, and tenderness, and at the last,

With hand in hand held fast,

An evering of clear understanding and of storms grown

Still

Since, though the summer followed winter's chill, Both in ourselves and under skies whose deathless fires With gold all pathways of our thoughts adorn, Though love has grown immense, a great flower born Of proud desires,

A flower that, without cease, to grow still more,
In our hearts begins as e'er before,
I still look at the little light
Which first shone out on me in my soul's night.

## LEST ANYTHING ESCAPE FROM OUR EMBRACE.

LEST anything escape from our embrace,
Which is as sacred as a Temple's holy place,
And so that the bright love pierce with light the body's
mesh,
Together we descend not the garden of your flesh.

Your breasts are there like offerings made,
You hold your hands out, mine to greet,
And nothing can be worth the simple meat
Of whisperings in the shade.

The shadow of white boughs caresses Your throat and face, and to the ground The blossoms of your tresses Fall unbound.

All of bille silver is the sky,

The night is a silent bed of case,

The gentle night of the moon, whose breeze kisses the likes tall and shy.

## I BRING TO YOU AS OFFERING TO-NIGHT.

I BRING to you as offering to-night My body boisterous with the wind's delight, In floods of sunlight I have lathed my skin; My feet are clean as the grass they waded in; Soft are my fingers as the flowers they held; My eyes are brightened by the tears that welled Within them, when they looked upon the earth Strong without end and uch with festive mirth; Space in its living arms has snatched me up, And whirled me drunk as from the mad wine-cup: And I have walked I know not where, with pent Cries that would free my heart's wild wonderment I bring to you the life of meadow-lands; Sweet marjoram and thyme have kissed my hands; Breathe them upon my body, all the fresh Air and its light and scents are in my it sh.

## IN THE COTTAGE WHERE OUR PEACEFUL LOVE REPOSEJ.

In the cottage where our peaceful love reposes,
With its dear old furniture in shady nooks,
Where never a prying witness on us looks,
Save through the casement panes the climbing roses,

So sweet the days are, after olden trial, So rect with silence is the summer time, I often stay the hour upon the chime In the clock of oak-wood with the golden dial.

And then the day, the night is so much ours,
That the hush of happiness around us starts
To hear the beating of our clinquing hearts,
When on your face my kisses fall in showers.

## THIS IS THE GOOD HOUR WHEN THE LAMP IS LIT.

This is the good hour when the lamp is lit.
All is calm, and consoling, and dear,
And the silence is such that you could hear
A feather falling in it.

This is the good how when to my chair my love will flit, As breezes blow, As smoke will rise, Gentle, slow.

She says nothing at first—and I am listening; I hear all her soul, I surpuse Its gushing and glistening, And I kiss her eyes. This is the good hour when the lamp is lit.

When hearts will say

How they have loved each other through the day.

And one says such simple things:
The fruit one from the garden brings;
The flower that one has seen
Opening in mosses green;

And the heart will of a sudden thrill and glow, Remembering some laded word of love Found in a drawer beneath a cast-off glove In a letter of a year ago

#### THE SOVRAN RHYTHM

YET, after years and years, to Eve there came Impatience in her soul, and as a blight Of being the sapless, loveless flower of white And torrid happiness that cleaved the same: And once, when in the skies the tempest moved Fain had she risen and its lightning proved. Then did a sweet, broad shudder glide on her; And, in her deepest ilesh to feel it. Eve Pressed her frail hands against her bosom's heave The angel, when he felt the sleeper stir With violent abrupt awakening, And scattered air and arms, and body rocked, Questioned the night, but Eve remained unlocked, And silent. He in vain bespoke each thing That lived beside her by the naked sources, Birds, flowers, and mirrors of cold water-courses With which, perchance, her unknown thought arose

Up from the ground; and one night when he bowed, And with his reverent fingers sought to close. Her eyes, she leapt out of his great wing's shroud. O fertile folly in its sudden flare. Beyond the too pure angel's baffled care! For while he stretched his arms out she was drifting Already far, and passionately lifting. To braziers of the stars her body bare.

And all no heart of Adam, seeing her so, Trembled

She willed to love, he willed to know.

Awkward and shy he neared her, daring not To startle eyes that lost in reveries swam; From terebinths were fluttered scents, and from The soil's fermenting mounted odours hot.

He tarried, as if waiting for her hests; But she snatched up his hands, and o'er them hung, And kissed them slowly, long, with kiss that clung, And guided them to cool erected breasts.

But through her flesh they burned and burned. His mouth

Ilad found the fires to set on Rance he drouth, And his lithe fingers spread her streaming tresses O'er the long ardour of their first care—es.

Stretched by the cool of fountains both were lying, Seen of their passion-gleaming eyes alone And Adam felt a sudden thought unknown Well in his heart to her fast heart replying.

Eve's body hid profound retreats as sweet As moss that by the noon's cool breeze is brushed; Gladly came sheaves undone to be their seat, Gladly the grass was by their loving crushed

And when the spasm leapt from them at last, And held them bruised in arms strained stiff and tight, All the great amorous and tehne night Tempered its breeze as over them it passed.

But on their vision burst A cloud far of at first, And whirling its dizzness with such a blast. That it was all a miracle and a fright, Leapt from the dim horizon through the night, Adam raised Eve, and pressed unto him fast. Her shivering body exquisitely wan, Livid and sulphurous the cloud came on, With thundering threats o'erflowing, and red ht.

Suddenly on the spot Where the wild grass was hot With their two bodies that had loved on it, All the loud

Rage of the dark, tremendous cloud Bit.

And the voice of the Lord God in its shadow sounded, Fires from the flowers and inglity bushes bounded; And where the dark the turning paths submerged, With sword in hand flamboyant angels suiged; Lions were roaring at the fateful skies. Eagles hailed death with hoarsely boding cries; And by the waters all the palm-trees bent Unite the same hard wind of discontent That beat on Eve and Adam on that sward,

And in the vasty darkness drove them toward. New human worlds more fervent that the old.

rg8

Now felt the man a magnet manifold Draw out his strength and mingle it with all; Finds he divined, and knew what gave them birth; Itis lover's hips with words grew magical; And his anwritten simple heart loved earth, And seis ceable water, trees that hold Authority, and stones that broken skine. Fruits tempted him to take their placid gold, And the bruised grapes of the translucent vine Kindled his thirst which they were ripe to still. The howling beasts he chised awoke the skill That in his hands had slept, and pride dowered him With vehement strengths that foam and over-brim, That he himself his destiny might build.

And the woman, still more fair since by the man The marvellous shiver through her body ran, Lived in the woods of gold by perfumes filled And dawn, with all the future in her tears, In her awoke the first soul, made of pride And sweet strength blended with an unknown shame, At the hour when all her heart was shed in flame On the child sheltered in her naked side. And when the day beins glorie and is done, And feet of tall trees in the forests gleam, She laid her body full of her young are m On sloping rocks gilt by he setting sun; rier lifted breasts two rounded shadows showed Upon her skin as rosy as a shell, And the sun that on her pregnant body glowed Seemed to be ripening all the world as well. Valiant and grave she pondered, burning, slow,

How busher love the lot of men should grov, And of the beautiful and violent will Fated to tame the earth. Ye sacred cares And griefs, she saw you, you she saw, despairs! And all the darkest deeps of human ill And with transfigured face and statelier bearing She took your hands in hers and kissed your brow, But you as well, men's grandeur madly daring, You lifted up her soul, and the saw how The limitless sands of time should by your tide Be buried under billows singing pride, In you she hoped, ideas keen in quest, Fervour to love and to desire the best In valuant pain and anguished joy, and so, One evening roving in the a ter-glow. When she beheld, come to a mossy plot, The gates of Paradise thrown open wide, And the angel beckoning, she turned aside Without desire of it, and entered not-

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#### NOTES.

Page 3 — "Red Cheshire" The Dutch cheese so-called is "roux." Braun suggests that the adjective should be translated "red-haned."

Page 6. "Those that we address with 'Sn'" The cheese sold under the name of "Monsieur Fromage"

Page 13, seq —Max Elskamp's poetry is considered somewhat obscure, and students may find the following equations of help: la Vierge la temme pure, Jésus l'entance délicieuse; un dimanche solaire une joie celatante, un dimanche de cour de bois — une joie celatante, un sold if --brutalité; un juif = un marchand, un oiscau -- la vie sous la forme du verbe, une fleur =- la vie sous la forme de la senteur

Page 13.—"Of Evening" Sunday is life, the week-days are death; the poet is the Sunday, therefore since the week is about to begin again, he *most* die. The third stanzameans that the Truclove will never again weep for the fair days of betrothal or mainage which the old family ring she wears remind her of.

Page 18.—"Full of crapples" By night, beer use then the regulations forbidding begging are more easily set at defiance.

Page 19, line 6. - An allusion to the painting by Seghers, which represents the Virgin Mary with libes, dahkas, and even stowdrops

Page " -- "Here the azure cherubs blow." An allusion to the painting by Fouquet in the Museum at Antwerp.

Page 47—In Huysman's novel, A Rebours, liqueurs are compared with musical instruments, curação corresponds to the clarinet, kummel to the nasid oboe, kirsch to the herce blast of a trumpet, etc.

Page 100 -- Song vii "Et c'est l'esclavage, n'est-ce pas ' auquel s'astrent tout être qui se devoue" Beaumoi.

Page 107 — "The cuming water" is the image of the human soul, constantly changing, "en deveni dans le deveni "And yet there is in it a continued, though mobile unity, a permanent chythm. It objectives itself in space but only exists in time, and Mockel sees its vital sign in those aspection—which guide it towards itself, which bear it on to it, late. The unity of the mobile river, whose waves to-morror will no longer be those they are to-day, is the continuous current that bears it, as though it aspired to the infinity of occaus.

Page 110 —The Goblet is woman, who, whether she inspires gemus or sells her body, exists, for us, less by

herself than hy us, she is what we make her, like this goblet whose colours vary according to what one pours into it

Page 111. The Chandcher symbolizes the permanent drama, metch by Art, placed as it is between the frivolous world, which tramples the rose of love under foot,—an the immortal splendour of Nature, which makes it feel it own feebleness.

Page 113, -The Angel is the leaend of genius

Page 116. - The Man with the lyre is the poet, who is less and less understood as he strikes the graver chords of his lyre.

Page 122.—The Eternal Borde is the Aspiration towards which we strive.

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